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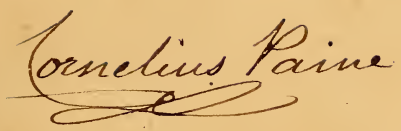
Cornelius Paine

MARCIANO;

OR,

THE DISCOVERY.

A Tragi-Comedy,

BY

WILLIAM CLARK,

ADVOCATE.

EDINBURGH:

REPRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

ALTHOUGH in the earlier times, dating back to the reign of King James I., moralities and religious mysteries were occasionally performed under sanction of the Church, stage plays have never been regarded with favour in Scotland, the clergy more especially being opposed to amusements generally, and imbuing their followers with the same narrow prejudice. The nearest approach to the regular drama was Sir David Lindsay's "Plesant Satyre of the Thre Estaites," which was first represented "at Lithguoe before the Kinge and Queene, and the hoole counsaile, spiritual and temporale, in the feast of the Epiphane of our Lorde, January 1539." It was subsequently acted "at Cupar, in the Playfield, on the Castle hill," and "in the Grenesyd, besyd Edinburgh, in presence of the Quene Regent." Whether from the grossly indelicate allusions throughout this piece, which were intended merely as a reflex of the popular spirit of the period, or from some other cause, arising out of the author having previously rendered himself obnoxious to Roman Catholics by promulgating the reformed belief, a council of the clergy held in the Blackfriars of Edinburgh in March 1558-59, "made an act that Sir David Lindsay's book should be abolished and burned."

James VI. interposed his authority to stay the opposition of churchmen to theatrical representations, and in 1592, 1599, and 1601 granted licences to certain English companies to perform in Scotland, but, when he succeeded to the English throne and went with his court to London, the drama was not allowed to obtain a hearing. The results of the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. kept the drama still longer a sealed book. The first gleam of the revival of a dramatic taste in Scotland did not break forth until after the Restoration, but it was only occasionally that this taste could find indulgence.

The clergy of Perth appear to have been more liberal-minded than their brethren in respect to dramatic representations, for not only during the last century was it a common thing for the scholars attending the Grammar School there, to perform plays on certain festive occasions, but in an extract from an old record of the Church of Perth, preserved in the Statistical Account of Scotland, dated June 3d 1589, "the ministers and elders give licence to plai the plai, with conditions that no swearing, banning, nor onie scurrility sal be spoken, which would be a scandal to our religion, which we profess, and for an evil example unto others. Alswa that nathing sall be added to what is in the register of the plai itself. If any one who plais sal do in the contrairie, he sal be *wardit*, and mak his public repentance." See also the Chronicle of Perth (Maitland Club) Edin. 1831, 4to.

Marciano, which after the lapse of upwards of two hundred years, is now reprinted for the first time, appears to have been the first play presented after the Restoration. This was in 1663.

The Commissioner before whom Marciano was acted was the Earl, afterwards Duke of Rothes. He received his

appointment in May 1663. Besides being chosen Commissioner to the Parliament he became "Great Thesaurer of Scotland," and "came down fra court with sindry of the nobilitie that haid bene in England a long tyme befoir, upone the 15th day of Junij, being Monday, to Halyrud hous, richlie prepared for him; at his downcuming many thowsands attending." Parliament met on the 18th June. (See Nicoll's Diary, Bannatyne Club Publications, Edin. 1836.)

The next dramatic representation took place in 1668, when Sydserf's comedy of "Tarugo's Wiles, or the Coffee-House," was brought out at the Duke of York's (James II.) theatre, said to have been the hall of the Tennis court (which was burnt down in 1774) in the Abbey, without the Watergate.

Thomas Sydserf, it would seem, continued for sometime thereafter to retain a dramatic company to represent plays and for hire, but whether he was allowed the use of the hall of the Tennis court is uncertain. From particulars educed in an action which he brought against a person named Mungo Murray in June 1689 for intruding, with personal violence, upon him and his company during rehearsal, the place of entertainment he occupied is characterized as "his hous in the Canongate, quher he keeps his theater for acteing his playes." In relation to this theatre the following of several excerpts from the note-book of Sir John Foulis, Bart. of Ravelstoun, go to prove not only the continuance of dramatic representations in Edinburgh well patronized, but that plays, despite all opposition, were elsewhere in Scotland in the custom of being performed :—

"1671, *Dec.* 1. A dinner at Leith to Sir James, Lady Grissell, Cristian, Antie, &c., and for the play, £11, 4s. [Scots].

"1672, *Jan.* 26. When we went over to Bruntiland, for coatches, fraught, dinner, and the play, £20, 5s.

"1672, *Feb.* 27. Spent at Newhaven, and Leith, and at the play, with young and old Ratho, Sir James Hay, Marg. spouse, Lady Ratho, my wife, &c., £6.

"1672, *March* 9. Payed for myselfe, my wife, and Cristian, to see Macbeth acted, and for sweetmeats to Lady Colingtoune, Lady Margaret M'Kenzie, and others, £6, 2s."

On this occasion Macbeth must have been acted in Edinburgh for the first time, although there is no printed record of the performance of that play until 1714.

"1672, *Jan.* 29. Drink-money to my Lord's man, and for to see the play when we came from Musselebrught with the Chancellour.

"1672, *June* 21. To see the comedie when the Commissioner [John, Duke of Lauderdale] was ther, and for oranges for gentlewomen, £2, 8s.

"1672, *June* 25. To let the Lady Pittaro and Sir James Sinclar's Lady see the comedie, and for oranges and cherries to them, £5, 12s. 9d.

"1672, *Nov.* 28. To my wife and Christian to see the comedie acted, £2, 18.

"1672, *Dec.* 21. To see Sir Solomon acted, £1, 9s."

In 1679, 1680, and 1681, when the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Princess Ann resided at Holyrood House, a company of comedians formed a part of the royal suite for private entertainment only.

Lord Fountainhall in his "Historical Observes" notes this:—"15th Novembris 1681, being the Quean of Brittain's birth-day, it was keeped by our court at Halirud house with great solemnitie, such as bonfyres, shooting of canons, and the acting a comedy [*sic*] called *Mithridates, King of Pontus*, before ther Royall Hynesses, &c., wheirin

Ladie Anne, the Duke's daughter, and the ladies of honour ware the onlie actors."

Notwithstanding these performances were of a private nature, "not only the canonists both Protestant and Popish," his Lordship remarks, "but the very heathen roman lawyers, declared all scenicks and stage-players infamous, and will scarce admit them to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

Thereafter, the Revolution and the Union so disturbed men's minds that the drama was again unheard of till the year 1714.

For subsequent notices of the Scotish drama during the eighteenth century, see Fragmenta Scoto Dramatica, Edin. 1835, 12mo, and Jackson's Scotish Stage.

Marciano appears to have been acted only once, although doubtless from the circumstance alone of amateurs sustaining the several characters it could not fail to be received with favour. The Biographia Dramatica states that the author was one of the performers, but which character he performed has not been suggested.

Amateur acting, although pretty common throughout English towns and villages, especially at Christmas-tide, from an early period, received its initiative in Scotland on the occasion of the production of Marciano; but, while amateurs have been greatly supported in the southern parts of our island, it has not received much encouragement in the north. The prejudice against theatrical representations in Scotland has not quite died away even in the present (so-called) enlightened times.

The author of Marciano is believed to have been Mr William Clark or Clerke, a member of the Scotish bar. He was one of those advocates who, along with John Lauder, afterwards Lord Fountainhall, and others, was

"debarred" from practising in the Court by reason of their having asserted the right of appeal against "the Lords of Session their sentences of injustice." Proclamation of banishment from Edinburgh against those debarred advocates was made by the king's authority 6th Oct. 1674. This sentence was reversed in January 1676. On the 10th of that month, Fountainhall in noticing their restoration to office, adds, "our Collection and Observes return to their former orderly channell." See Fountainhall's Historical Notices, 1835, 4to. Also the Court of Session Garland, Edin. 1871, 8vo. Lord Fountainhall has also recorded the following incidents, which, if true, do not exhibit his "comate in exile," Mr Clark, in the most honourable light:—

"In Dec. 1674, William Cockburne, merchant, was in the Secret Councell sentenc't to the cock stule, and banish't the Louthians, and declared infamous, for having defamed my Ladie Oxenfuird in hir honor both in a letter, which Mr William Clerk, advocat, his brother-in-law, treacherously gave up to my Lord Oxenfuird, and in discourse."

Five years after this, Cockburn "gave in a bill to the Secret Councell representing that his Majesty, by his late indemnity, had pardoned all pasquills, infamous libells, and sentences of the like nature, and remitted them both *quoad vindictam publicam et privatam*, and commanded his indemnity to be extended by his judges, with all favour and latitude, &c.; and theirfor craved their Lordships would declare he was free theirby, and discharge Oxenfuird to trouble him, &c." His bill was refused. "The king's pardon in England does not comprehend private offences." Fountainhall, vol. i., p. 236. Still Cockburn appears to have "broken his confinement," and being fined at Privy Council 5000 merks was imprisoned until he could pay it.

"18th May, 1682. At Privy Counsell, (the Duke of

York being parted for London on the 5th of May before) upon a complaint given in by Ruthven of Gairne against Mr Wm. Clerk, advocat, bearing that he had hitherto keeped up all his estate and papers, and therfor craving he might be desired to give up the papers, and restore him his rents. Tho' this was civill, yet because of the long vacance, he being ane advocat, who would decline inferior courts, the Lords referred the count and reckoning to the Session; but in the meantime modified 50 lb. sterling to be payed yearly by Mr William to him during the dependance (if Mr William should prolong it) beginning the 1 terme's payment at Whitsunday coming. Mr William reclamed much, offering instantly to count with him."

"20th January 1687. Ruthven of Gairn's complaint against Mr William Clark, advocat, is heard, and Mr Clark fred from paying him the 50 lb. sterling formerly decerned, till he first find sufficient caution *judicio sisti et judicatum solvi;* if, in the count and reckoning betwixt them, Mr Clark be not found his debtor, then to refund it." What was the issue of this suit has not been ascertained.

The families of Clerke or Clark probably emanated from Banff, where, from an early date they held a position of consequence. The following document introduces one of the name:—

"Instrumentum possessionis quinque Mercarum vitalis redditus in Banff factum Domino Gulielmo Clerke pro docendo Scholam Gramaticalem ibidem sua durante vita. Dated 6 March 1526."

This William Clerke was a man of substance, having a house and garden his own property, in the Burgh, or as it is sometimes called, "Urbs" of Banff,—at that date undoubtedly a place of great importance, and containing many inhabitants. It is not unworthy of remark that prior to

this date, and long after it, there was hardly a tenement in the place that had not a garden attached to it—a fact showing that the belief in the want of knowledge of horticulture in that part of Scotland is not warranted. Charters and documents exist to shew also that families of the highest rank and antiquity had their residence in that Royal Burgh.

In two Banff charters, 1542-43, the name of Sir William Clerk is spelt with an "e" in one of them, while in the other it is spelt with an "a." The same individual who was master of the Grammar School is in another charter described as proprietor of certain gardens "adjacent to the Guis haugh."

In Douglas's Baronage a genealogy is given of the family of the Clerks of Pennicuik, who are said to have been, somewhere about the year 1640 or before, traders in Montrose or Dundee. They acquired wealth during the Civil War, as well as the estate of Pennicuik from the ancient family of that ilk—the chief of which subsequently became proprietor of the estate of Roman in the county of Peebles. The Clerks, however, seem to have adopted a portion of their armorial bearings, and the motto "Free for a blast," being the tenure by which it is understood they hold the lands from the Crown.

The Clerks of Pennicuik, like many other families, during the reign of Charles the II., who were connected with the City of Edinburgh, obtained considerable political influence, and in 1679 were created Baronets by his patent in the person of John. This gentleman had a son (the third) called William—the supposed Author of Marciano—who married the heiress of Maxwell of Middleby, the direct descendant of whom, Mr Clerk Maxwell (now deceased), was a Member of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh in the year 1817.

Another Clerk of the same family is mentioned in Wodrow's Analecta, and in the Analecta Scotica will be found a most singular ghost story, extracted from that source, which may, upon examination, create some interest.

William Clark died before 16th November 1699, as the minutes of the Faculty of Advocates that day record the presentation "to that body by Mr Roderick Mackenzie" of certain of the manuscripts of the deceased William Clerke. Those manuscripts cannot now be found.

The rarity of the book, apart from its merits, which are by no means of a common order, having rendered Marciano of value to the Antiquary, a limited reprint was considered desirable.

A copy of Marciano was sold at the sale of the library of Mr James William Dodd of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, "consisting of a fine collection of old plays, old poetry, romances, history, Belles lettres, miscellanies, comic and humorous books, &c., &c." which passed under the hammer of Messrs Leigh and Sotheby in January 1797, occupying nine days. It was classed under "anonymous authors," No. 966 in the catalogue, and fetched £1, a sum which, considered relatively with the prices obtained for the earlier editions of Shakespeare's Plays, would at the present day represent more than ten times that amount.

There was a copy, perhaps the same copy, No. 822 in David Constable's catalogue, the contents of which were sold in January 1827 by Sotheby. It was purchased by Thorpe for £4, 14s. 6d. It was described "green morocco, g. l., rare." but was in very poor condition otherwise.

There is a copy in the Bodleian Library.

That from which the present reprint has been effected appears to have been acquired for the Library of the Faculty of Advocates by Mr Thomas Ruddiman, the learned

antiquary, while librarian to that body. It had previously belonged to Mr Robert Mylne, a writer in Edinburgh, whose extensive collection of books and manuscripts was of a most curious and valuable description, although not quite so highly prized during his time as it would be now; and it is chiefly owing to his industry that Scotish Literary Antiquities of importance have been preserved until the present day. Mr Mylne, during a long life, transcribed numerous manuscripts for his own use, and these, as well as his books and broadsides, he was in the habit of annotating. He died on the 21st Dec. 1747, at the age of 103, although the Scots Magazine of the period makes him two years older. "He enjoyed his sight and the exercise of his understanding till a little before his death, and was buried on his birth-day." He is said to have been related to Sir Robert Milne of Barnton, then an influential gentleman, and concerned with the revenues of the City of Edinburgh. His political leaning was towards the Jacobites, and he is accused by Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to Lord Fountainhall's "Chronological Notes of Scotish Affairs," of having interpolated and corrupted the original manuscript "to express his partial feelings in that character." Sir Walter adds:—"The Diary appears to have fallen into Milne's hands after Lord Fountainhall's death in 1724; and it is but fair to him to state that he appears to have had no purpose of passing his alterations for a part of the text, but only that of connecting and adding to it in his own name. His remarks are sometimes both shrewd and sarcastic; and though they may be considered as impairing the historical authenticity of the work, they rather add to than diminish its interest as a picture of the times."

Of the poetic merits of the Play it may suffice to call

attention to the several lyrics throughout, but more especially to the song in the third scene of the third act,

"So, so,
Lo lillies fade, before the roses show
Themselves in bow-dye," &c.

The character "Manduco, an arrogant Pedant" is well drawn. It may probably have been suggested by Pedantius, the principal of the Latin comedy so called, which was entered in the books of Stationers' Hall in 1630, and then performed at Trinity College, Cambridge. It had been frequently acted previously, even antecedent to 1591. M. Wingfield is said to have been the author. It was printed at London in 1631, 18mo, with two engravings, one of "Dromodotus" Philosophus, the other of "Pendantius" Pædagogus. They are in appropriate costumes of the period. The former is in the attitude of demonstrating some proposition on his fingers, at the same time exclaiming, "Videtur quod sic;" while Pedantius on the opposite print, facing him, with a birch dangling in his right hand, gives vent to "as in presenti." Behind him are two of his scholars in college costume.

Allusion is made, figuratively, by Marciano, to children's hobby-horses, which would appear, at the date of the play, not to have been entirely made of wood, but stuffed like dolls—a hint worthy the attention of modern toy-makers.

In Arabella's soliloquy in the seventh scene of the fourth act she appeals to the gods to hear her "ardent votes," which, although possibly a misprint for "ardent vows," the editor did not feel himself justified in altering.

The poetic muse of Mr Clark led him, some twenty years after the appearance of Marciano, into "fresh fields and pastures new," for in 1685 there issued from the press of the heir of Andrew Anderson at Edinburgh, a small

folio volume titled "The Grand Tryal, or Poetical Exercitations upon the book of Job; wherein, suitable to each text of that sacred book, a modest explanation and continuation of the several discourses contained in it is attempted by William Clark."

In adopting such a subject it may be he had found that, even during the days of the merry Monarch, dramatic literature could not obtain a footing in Scotland so as to render it an acceptable or remunerative pursuit, and that deeming it more expedient and to his better interest to "assume a virtue though he had it not" had attempted to glorify himself in the eyes of the strict adherents of the Church, who regarded stage-plays as a device of the evil one, by turning his attention to more ghostly subjects, and seizing upon a theme more consonant with the prevailing current of their thoughts. In poetry and romance he is the most successful author who does not attempt to convey instruction, but who can place in a judicious light such pictures and imagery as his readers are already familiar with.

Alexander Campbell thus remarks in his Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, Edin. 1798, 4to:—

"During the latter part of the seventeenth century scarcely anything was relished in Scotland unless it was larded plentifully with the 'marrow of divinity;' hence the meagreness of profane productions, in the long lent of innocent hilarity. The muses were suffered to roam at large, unless any one of them thrumbed the harp of King David for the spiritual comfort of pious covenanters."

This "Grand Tryal" consists of 370 pages, and is dedicated to James, Earl of Perth, Lord Drummond and Stobhall, Lord High Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland—that nobleman being, the author remarks, "supream Judge of that illustrious Court upon which my profession as a

Lawyer has afforded me a dependence now these many years." He further gives it as a reason for rushing into print, "especially being encouraged to it by your lordship's generous perusal and approbation of some of the sheets in private."

Mr Clark does not seem to have succeeded so well in his sacred as in his secular poetry. As a specimen, his description of the end of a "Man of Sin" redolent of original but fantastic imagery, may be quoted:—

"Now after he is fall'n, pray let us see
What will the state of this poor creature be?
It shall be low, it shall be poor indeed,
His children shall from beggars beg their bread,
And from their father's slaves compassion plead.
Then for his person (pity him who will)
He soon becomes *a horrid spectacle,*
His flesh is *larded* with his youthful sins,
And in his vigrous years old age begins
To seize upon him.

. . . . .

So this poor wretch now *paralytick* grown
With *tottering head,* and *joynts* all overflown
With *Goutish humours, teeth all hanging loose*
Within their sockets: a distilling *nose,*
Eyes full of brackish liquor: *shoulders* stooping,
Under-lip in a constant spittle drooping:
Lungs with a sharp, and wasting cough opprest,
Which doth bereave him of his nightly rest,
Pump'd up the wind-pipes, with *a raging froath,*
In lobs and parcels issuing from his mouth.
His skin with boils, and ulcers diaper'd,
(Of his lascivious sports the sad reward)
His *Stomach* useless, and his *Bowels* weary
With th' torture of a constant *disentery.*
His *legs* now rotting to the bones apace
In a consuming *Eresypelas.*
Som' *dozen issues* in his shoulders, arms,
And neck appearing, *like so many charms*

And spells upon his body: all his *veins*
Choak'd with a *slymy pituite*, his *reins*
Buried in sand, which squandring everywhere,
Along the channels of each *ureter*,
Mix'd with some *rugged peebles*, doth so stop
Those conduits in their course.

. . . . .

With *hands* by drunken excess in his youth,
So *trembling*, that they scarce can to his mouth
Convey his food: *such swellings in his feet*,
As, when in cut-out shooes he walks in street,
Amongst the *busie crowd* he dares not go,
Lest some perhaps might tread upon *his toe.*
But with great leasure by shop-doors doth crawl,
Contemn'd, abhorr'd, and pointed at by all.

. . . . .

Here, here's the end of him, who takes delite
In acts of sin, *whose curious appetite*
Feeds upon sin, dress'd up with sauce of youth,
Which makes it taste like honey in the mouth."

The impression of "Marciano" has been limited to seventy-five copies.

W. H. Logan.

Berwick-on-Tweed, 31*st March* 1871.

MARCIANO;

OR,

THE DISCOVERY.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY,

Acted with great applauſe, before His *Majeſties* high Commiſsioner, and others of the Nobility, at the Abby of *Holyrud-houſe*, on St. *Johns* night:

By a company of Gentlemen.

Segnius irritant animum demiſſa per aurem,
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus——
Hor. *de art. Poet.*

Edinburgh, Printed in the year, 1663.

To all humours.

IT was eaſie to caſt the horoſcope of this Peece before it peep'd into the world, it being to appear in a Country, where the cold air of mens affections nips ſuch buds in their very infancy: But, it was reſolv'd it ſhould live, maugre all the foul-mouth'd, detracting cenſures of ſome modern Criticks, who, labouring to deprive this of all applauſe, do render all others of this kind deſpicable in the ſight of, otherwayes more ingenuous perſons then themſelves, ſuch as preſume upon a monopoly of wit granted to them and their company, who, like to the Spaniard, ſcorns all perfumes, but what his own Country produces, do extort a larger Preface then was really intended. Although then, it is not ordinar to apologize for Playes in general, at the publiſhing of any particular one; Yet, becauſe this now appears as a City-ſwaggarer in a Country-church, where ſeldom ſuch have been extant; and that the peeviſh prejudice of ſome perſons, who know nothing beyond the principles of baſe, greazy, arrogant, illiterate Pedants, who, like the graſs-hoppers of *Egypt*, ſwarm in every corner of this Nation, and plague all the youth accordingly, is ſuch, that they cannot have patience to hear of a Comedy, becauſe they never ſee one acted: For theſe reaſons, you may conſider Playes in their antiquity, uſe and dignity, and then, *ingenuè mecum agat Zoilus*. We read of ſuch practices among the Grecians ſince the firſt Olympiad, now more then

two thouſand years ago; from whom they were transferred to the Romans, by them had in ſuch high veneration, that the greateſt Emperors and Princes amongſt them, as *Julius Ceſar* and others, upon the feſtival dayes, have made experiment of their gallantry by acting: and it is eſteemed yet ſo little derogatory from the quality of a Prince, (far leſſe of a Gentleman) to appear at ſolemnities upon the Stage, that it is laudably practiſed amongſt our Chriſtian Monarchs to this day.

The uſe which may be reaped of playes is ſo evident, that unleſs a man miſtruſt his very ſenſes, he cannot but confeſſe, that to ſee, in a well acted Tragedy, the fatal ends of ſuch as commit notorious murders, rapins, and other licentious vices repreſented, would terrifie any man whatſoever from attempting the like. In a Comedy, where ordinarly the paltry vices of the age, ſuch as the Court-vanity and prodigality, the City covetouſneſs, or the Country-ſimplicity, *&c.* are extraordinarly taxed, many are deterred from what formerly they hugg'd, ſeeing their darling crimes expoſed upon a publick Stage to the mockerie of the world: and hence, he who is even but the leaſt converſant with the hatefull humours of both Sexes of our times, after peruſal, may gueſſe why this carries the Title of *The Diſcovery.* Beſides, Playes incite the youth to imitate the vertuous actions of their Predeceſſors, as *Alexander* was ſtirr'd up by repreſentation of *Achilles* actions, *Achilles* by thoſe of *Theſeus*, &c. with ſeveral other examples, whereof pregnant Hiſtory can give an ample account. Nor is the perfection in acting leſs beneficial to the Commonwealth: For, we read how all the young Nobility of *Greece* were train'd up in this noble exerciſe, that they might be the better enabled to demean themſelves handſomly in forraign Embaſsies, or ſuch like imployments: and we ſee even in our dayes

dayes, how all ſuch as are educat in the Jesuit Schools, where no leſs then amongſt publick Actors the Stage is dayly trod, gain an unſpotted reputation of compleat Orators throughout all the Chriſtian world. And the defficiency (or rather wilfull contempt of this education) is the reaſon why many of our pretenders to wit, now a dayes forſooth, either whiſtle of a tedious harrangue with no more motion then a ſtatue, or elſe uſe ſuch a canting conſtrained tone, with ſuch ridiculous grimaſſees, as they ſeem rather to imitate a Mountebanks Zany, in his apiſh geſtures, then to aſpire to the title of accompliſhed Orators. Wheras to deliver a ſpeech naturally, that the action may ſute the words, and the words the action; although diſſonant to the pedantry of this age, who vote down the uſe of Stage-playes (as they call them) for no other reaſon, but becauſe in them, ſuch pilfring ſtinkards as themſelves, are often diſcovered in their own colours; ſo ridiculous in their imperious behaviour, that none ſave themſelves (whoſe innate ſtupidity doth much excuſe their impudence) cannot but ſee it and abhor it; although diſsonant, I ſay, to their humours, yet is, by the approbation of all the intelligent world, the chiefeſt ingredient of an ingenuous Orator.

The dignity of Playes is ſuch, as it hath been the ſtudy of the greatest Monarchs who ever flouriſhed, to encourage the wit of their reſpective ages in ſuch active performances, not only by their open countenance, but likewiſe private favours beſtowed on the managers of such exerciſes, as many fair monumental Theaters built by the moſt eminent perſons of the world, in their very ruins, do yet eloquently teſtifie.

Nor doth there any thing appear in holy Writings to impugn theſe aſſertions. For (which is remarkable) Playes of all ſorts, did never ſo much flouriſh throughout all the Territories

Territories of the Roman Empire, as in the dayes of our bleſſed Saviour and his Apostles; yet we never read that He, or any of them (otherwayes impartial reprovers of their contemporary enormities, did ever, either directly, or indirectly tax this innocent and uſefull recreation: But on the contrary, inveighed againſt ſuch hypocrits, as deluded the world with a vain ſhow of piety, ſuch as are now our ſneaking detractors of the Stage, who, its probable) only hate Playes, becauſe ſuch pleaſant ſpectacles divert the current of our, otherwayes melancholly imaginations, and hinder people from dreaming on rebellion, which our late proceedings may at large inſtruct: For no ſooner had thoſe hell-hounds, aſſaſsinats of our liberties, ſnatch'd the very reins of Government into their hands, but as ſoon they thought it expedient to vote down all Scenick Playes, ſo that they ſhould ſuffer in that ſame ſentence with Monarchy; upon whom they have ſuch a dependance, that at the thrice auſpicious reſtauration of our Royal Soveraign, they were not only by him re-eſtabliſhed, but also more glorioufly adorned with priviledges, then formerly.

The main intent of this enſuing Tragi-comedy, was to ſmatter at a complement, for that noble *Hero*, whoſe merits claim more at the hands of all *Appollo's* ſubjects, then the ſtock of their inventions will ever be able to refound; who, as he hath proved himſelf (ſince first he was entruſted) a zealous propagator of the Royal Intereſt, ſo hath appear'd a very noble Patron to all true wit and gallantry whatſoever. But leaſt it ſhould ſeem too ſerious for the pallats of thoſe, who expected nothing from the Stage but mirth: It was thought fit to interlude it with a comick tranſaction. So that being tyed to two different plots, without the ſpeciall concurrence of a certain ingenuous Gentleman, to whoſe induſtry this Play owes much of its perfection, it had been a difficult

cult task to have arrived at a happy Cataſtrophe, ſeeing how hard it is to carry on two different plots in one ſingle Play, is not unknown to any, who know what belongs to the Stage.

Let this then ſuffice the judicious Reader, As for ſuch of a ſeeming ſerious, but real ſawcy apprehenſion, who condemn this, as an inconſiderate youthfull frolick; when indeed, ſuch clogs of Parnaſſus, are as ſo much roſt-beef to their ſqueamiſh ſtomacks; whoſe *calidum naturale*, can digeſt nothing more heavy than bawdry Ballads, ſcurrilous Sonnets, and ſuch water-works of Poetry: 'tis below *Phœbus* to cudgel them, and any, ſave pitifull, threed-bare, cringing, indigent, mercenary dablers, to flatter them. Let them live and die in the trenches of their own neſty ignorance, whilſt all lovers of mirth and wit, may dayly challenge the reſpects of,

Their really devoted.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLeon, *Duke of* Florence.
Marciano, *a noble Siennois, his General.*
Strenuo, Marciano's *friend.*
Boraſco, *Captain of the rebels guard.*
Caſſio, Leonardo, } *two noble Gentlemen of quality.*
Pantaloni, Becabunga, } *two rich gulls, in favour with the Ladies*
Manduco, *an arrogant Pedant, challenging power over* Becabunga.
Two Courtiers.
Jaylor.
A Servant, Partuyſans, Drums, Trumpets, Souldiers, &c.

Women.

Arabella, *A Siennois Lady, beloved of* Marciano.
Chryſolina, Marionetta, } *two Ladies of honour.*
The Scæn, Florence.

MARCIANO;

OR,

THE DISCOVERY.

Actus primus Scæna prima.

A noyſe within, Trumpets, Drums, Piſtols, Shot, Swords claſh, &c.

Enter Marciano, *wounded, chaffing,* &c.

——LOſt——By heavens——all loſt,
All our hopes blaſted
By *Jove*, without hope of recovery.
O gods, commiſerate our deſpicable eſtate.
A noiſe within as before,
Exit *haſtily.*
Enters again.
Oh heavens! this day were we at puſh of pike
For our publike liberty——Now we are at our wits end
For our private ſafety.——
A noyſe within cry, they fly, they fly,
Harke, what a hideous noyſe——this fatal day
Hath cancell'd all our former victories,
Never to be remembred——in this hour
Our ancient ſplendour ſuffers ſad ecclipſe.
——*They fly*——*They fly*——Oh what a dismal word!
How unaccuſtom'd——*Siennois* to fly;
True *Siennois*——ſuch as had vowed their lives
A victime for their publike liberty,

To fly, like duſt before mechanick ſlaves;
Such as while now never knew other armes,
Then forks or ſhovels———Do the gods intend
To revel in our miſeries!——and prove
Strange paradoxes to the credulous world!
That abject, baſe, unmannag'd Varlets thus
Should overcome the Cavalry of *Siena*?
A thing unheard of! O! accurſed wretches,
Whoſe too politick pates firſt hatcht theſe warres;
You are leaſt ſharers here. My Prince and I
Muſt ſuffer this reproach——I ſlight my wounds;
—— But O! my honour loſt.——I'le bear it ſtoutly:
—— Up then my ſpirits, be not you dejected;
There's ſomething yet to care for———there's no time
Now to complain: heaven knows what just deſignes
We undertook; though with unequal ſucceſs.
Wee've done what lay in humane power—*Piſtoia*
Bear witneſs, where ſo many inſolent rebells
Have found this day their ſepulchre: thy fields
Can teſtifie how dear ſome ſold their lives.
And thou the Enſigne of all noble ſouls } *Holds up his ſword.*
Make affidavit of this dayes behaviour. }
——— Now to my generous Prince, whom cruel fates,
Have levell'd with my ſelf—Him will I ſearch,
That if my fates require my quick departure
For *Stygian* lakes: as in my life I've been
Eminent in his ſervice, I may now,
Dying couragiouſly in his preſence, have
His royal Paſs-port and Teſtificate,
To raiſe my honour, and condole my fate.

Exit.

Scæna.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Boraſco *with Souldiers.*

Bor.——SO now the day's our own——but yet the Duke
Eſcap'd—*Marciano* not priſoner!
The victory is not ſuch as I expected.
But come, my *Mirmydons*,——wee'l not give over;
Let's, with a party of our choiceſt horſe,
Make narrow ſearch for *Marciano*:
For, if we find him not, we muſt not think
To gain the Generals favour.———Come, my Boyes,
He hath attempted oft to ſtrip the Senate
Of their new power, and ſo deſtroy us all;
Whoſe hopes are nouriſhed by the preſent wars:
So that if you ſhall catch him, you may ſure
Expect a great reward:———his excellency,
The brave Lord *Barbaro* will hugg you for it.

Exit *with Sould.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marciano *ſolus.*

O *Florence!* don't inſult at this dayes ſucceſs,
This unnatural victory over thy lawfull Prince
Will quickly make thee ſenſible of unnatural
And intolerable Tyranny: that *Ichneumon*,
Who now tickles thee in all thy deſires
Will ſtop thy breath at length, whilſt thy good Prince,
Whom thou can blame for nothing but misfortune,
Shall yet be more unfortunate in ſeeing
Thee too unfortunate.——But, I perceive
The main deſigne of this prepoſterous war,
Love and ambition muzles humane ſouls;

So that when private Subjects covet honour
And power, their lawfull Prince muſtt quit his Throne,
No matter for what reaſon, ſince they mean
Some reformation; as if private preferment
Were inconſiſtent with all Monarchy.
——But what! 'tis unſeaſonable for me t'expoſtulate.
My noble Prince (goodneſs protect him ſtill)
Is gone for *Savoy*; I am here commanded
To rally thoſe few forces I can find,
With ſlender hopes——but yet I'le do my beſt
To proſecute his Royal orders——ſo,
Good Subjects votes aſſiſt me———'tis reſolv'd,
For while Dame nature does allow me breath,
I'le ſerve my Prince—nought ſhall excuſe but death.

Exit.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Caſſio, Leonardo, *as at* Florence.

Caſſ. ——O! *Leonardo*——How doſt do Boy?

Leon. Caſſio——thou art the man I was ſeeking, welcome effaith, and how Prethee? *Caſſ.* Well.

Leon. As well as the Ladies will permit thee?——ha.

Caſſ. Yes indeed——but how goes all with you——what news do'ſt hear?

Leon. Bad news effaith, all our hopes are now periſh'd, it is for certain that the Duke is beat at *Piſtoia*; whether he hath eſcaped or not himſelf, is not yet known.

Caſſ. ———Sad ———truſt me 'tis moſt sad, but, prethee, who ſhall be Duke now do'ſt think, when they have rejected him, who by law of inheritance was their lawfull Prince.

Leon. Why———thou,———if thou bee'ſt weary of thy life; for a Prince now a dayes muſt raign no longer then his Subjects pleaſe his government———men now begin to act real Tragedies.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. Good; but how does thy learned cocks-comb judge of the event of all our preſent broyls?

Leon. Why, juſt as a ſober Drawer does of a company of young gulls inflaming the reckoning beyond the faculties of their pockets: ———they will look pittifully, when the bill is produc'd——for they muſt pay for all.

Caſſ. How! do'ſt think our ſtate-mountebanks will not agree?

Leon. Yes, for a while they may, like heiffers in the yoke, but when once got looſe, they'll puſh at one another.

Caſſ. Well———no more of that ſtring; theſe diſtracted times, I fear, will afford ſuch diſcourſes every day———how does thy Miſtreſs, the Lady you know of,———ha?

Leon. ———Why, faith as unreaſonable as ever.

Caſſ. How! unreaſonable———

Leon. Yes———unreaſonable, ſhe will admit of no tearms whatſoever, ſo that I fear I ſhall be forc'd to ſtorm her: 'ſlid, I can have ſcarce liberty to ſurvey her very parapet and out-works for fear of a thing (I do not know what they mean now a dayes) ſuſpicion, I think ſhe calls it; and for thee, I beleeve thou art in no better condition, for her Siſter, thy Miſtreſs (otherwayes in my opinion plyable) is rul'd by her, and both by an old urinal-peeping, onyon-breath'd hag, whom they call the Counteſſe of *Saromanca* forſooth, ſo that now ſhe is impregnable.

Caſſ. A devil ſhe is, 'ſlid, I think it is become an epidemical diſeaſe amongſt that ſexe, they intend, I think, to imitate the times, and erect a new Commonwealth of themſelves, excluding all maſculine ſociety, and ſo be call'd *the new aſſembly of zeal-copyholders.*

Leon. Yes, yes, for now they hold it a cryme to court.

Caſſ. Since Monarchy fell, that trade is totally decayed, thou muſt now either Marry at firſt ſight or elſe march off; as if who ſhould throw the Dye for a maydenhead, Boy.

Leon. Goodness, I think, by and by, we ſhall be conſtrained to make love to one another. and ſo thou ſhalt be my Miſtreſs, *Caſſio*; for our modern Criticks will not allow us womens fleſh, even upon holy-dayes.

Caſſ. True———for all the Ladies in *Florence* have a ſpice of this diſeaſe is there no remedy for't, do'ſt think?

Leon.

Leon. None but patience, ſtay while Fortune turn up her wheel again, and then the Ladyes may turn up.

Caſſ. What! their Petticoats?

Leon. No——I have not ſayd that yet, I mean may ſmile upon us more than they do: for now wee muſt not ſo much as ſee any Lady.

Caſſ. No——why I hope they will yet admit of a viſit in civility?

Leon. No——by no means, *Caſſio*, thou muſt not name ſuch a hereſie as a viſit, for thou may'ſt hinder other ſuitors: Remember that, Boy.

Caſſ. You ſay right——But who comes here?
Leon. I think they are women.
Caſſ. Or elſe two things ſhufled in the forme of women: doſt know 'em *Leonardo*?
Leon. Know 'em, why, who can know them thus, ſuch masquerades under their vailes are like nnns at the grate, they may ſee us, but wee cannot ſee them.

Enter Chryſolina, *and* Marionetta *uyher'd by* Pantaloni, *at ſight of* Caſſ. *and* Leon. *they pull down their vailes, traverſe, &c.*

Exeunt

Caſſ. True, for there is no way elſe to diſcover them, but by ſmelling; and what ſmell women have now a dayes, faith, I cannot tell.

Leon. Smell, ſayſt thou; they have a moſt acute ſmell, a woman can now a dayes ſmell a mans love to her, before ever poſſibly he be in love with any; I was rejected by a lady laſt day, before ever I knew her well; yet ſuch was the imagination that ſhe had of my reſpects, that ſhe entertained her companions with the relation of my adventures for her——you will think that ſtrange.

Caſſ.—Strange! —No faith, I hope, by progreſſe of time, they will conceive by the meer wind of report, and ſo wee ſhall have a hopefull race of young *Florentine*-jennets, as light-heel'd as thoſe of *Spain*, I warrand yow: but, prethee, what was that Lady, you talk'd of?

Leon. Why, the little handſome *Donazella*, what do you call her, on the other ſyde of the river?

Caſſ. Ho——Ho——I know her, a noble Lady eſſaith, but I am ſorry, that ſhe is infected with that diſeaſe, ſhe ſeemes to have a ſpark of wit.

Leon.

Leon. Tuſh, 'tis become a plague, *Caſſio*, a very plague; do'ſt not know the gentelman, who was rejected of a Lady, having no other evidence of his affection then the carrying of a letter from one of her friends to her, wherein he was recommended to her acquaintance, which as a trophee of her conqueſts ſhe did impart to her *hearts-conquerour*—and yet a Lady of admirable qualities.——Men now a dayes breed their female children, as the *Chineſes* do their wives, or the *Grand-ſignior* his concubines, cloſe at home.

Caſſ. But, prethee, did'ſt know that ſame peece of foppery, who attended them who by his garbe would ſeeme to challenge the title of a man?

Leon. Know him, why, who does not know him; 'tis *Signior Pantaloni*, the rich city-gull, whoſe golden fleece dazles the eyes of all the Ladyes in Toun, to whoſe chamber he is almoſt as welcome as a young batchelour of Divinity, who hath lately paſt his tryalls, is to a zealous widow of ten months ſtanding, that would faine repeat her former allegiance, and taſte the game again—— But come, you ſhall go along with me to the Lady *Chryſolina*, there I hope wee ſhall have ſome favour, if wee get acceſſe, I mean.

Caſſ. ——I, with all my heart, but that's the queſtion.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Pantaloni, *with* Chryſolina *and* Marionetta.

Pant. I take it ſo indeed, Ladies, you muſt excuſe me if I do you the honour to viſit you ſometimes; for my mother ſayes, Son, ſaith ſhe, it is high time you were married——I hope you know my meaning.

Chryſ. Sir, you ſhall be welcome.

Pant. I hope ſo indeed:——For, I vow I would never deſire a handſomer wife than you are.———I proteſt, Miſtreſs, you are very handſome, though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it.

Mar. You flatter highly, Sir.

Pant. Not indeed.

Chryſ.

Chryſ. Well, Sir, as for your viſit, I ſhall admit it; but for marriage——you know———

Pant. Ho——I know well enough, you are governed by your friends; but I ſhall tickle them I warrand you, let me alone for that.

Mar. It is the ſafeſt way, Sir.

Pant. So——then forſooth, ſince I know the way to your Chamber, I will come and ſee you every day; now becauſe my mother is ſick and taking phyſick, I muſt go home and keep company with her, elſe I'l aſſure you, I would not leave you thus——— farewell.

Exit.

Mar. You ſee them Gentelmen, *Caſſio* and *Leonardo*, as we paſſed along, Siſter?

Chryſ. But I hope they did not know us, Siſter, 'tis not fit we entertain them, they are not matches for us.

Mar. But I warrand you, they'l render us a viſit ſhortly.

Chryſ. I ſhould rather wiſh they would abſtain, Siſter, you know our friends will not reliſh it well; I ſhould be very well content of this *Signior Pantaloni* for my husband; I hope no body hears us.

Mar. True, for although the others may be Gentelmen of good parts, yet I know wee are deſign'd for them *Signiors;* ſo the Lady *Saromanca* told me laſt day.

Chryſ. And wee muſt follow their advice you know Siſter.

Mar. Yes indeed, and reaſon for it.

Enter Manduco haſtily.

Man. Hum——*etiam confabulantes inveni:* I have it in my pocket, that will afford them new cogitations.

Chryſ. Mr. *Manduco*, you are welcome, pray, how does my aunt?

Man. I have a little negotiation with you in private; for I am legate from *Signior Becabunga*, (my ſometimes pupill) as more amply ſhall briefly appear. And how think you——marry thus, here's a letter for you—— } *takes out a Letter out of a tobacco-box.*

Chryſ. I hope he is in good health, Sir.

Man. O! yes, he is valetudinary, herein he preſents (as I conjecture

jeƈture) his amorous ſervitude to you both; he will be in Town next week, for I'l aſſure you he flagitates to ſee you: I hope you will afford him gracious entertainment——hum——hum——

Chryſ. He ſhall be welcome, Sir.

Man. I will aſſure you, Ladies, he is an adoleſcent of eximious candour and egregious integrity: I have been at much pains and labour in educating him, I may ſay, ever ſince his pubertie: but now that he is come to the years of intelligency, I have given him over———

Mar. He will make us in love with him e're we ſee him.

Man. But, for your further ſatisfaction, I shall, *pauciſſimis*, inſinuate to you the method of his education.——*Primo*, then, when he came under my gubernation, which was about the year of his age, *Anno Domini*, (let me ſee) *milleſimo*, *ſexcenteſimo*, *quadrageſimo ſexto*, it being then Leap-year; he was, *inquam*, a very perverſe youth, vitiat in his behaviour, knowing nothing but what he had learned amongſt the *ancilla's* (what d'you call 'em) Chamber-maids.

Chryſ. Now, Siſter, you ſhall have him anatomized to you.

Man. But, ſo ſoon as I took him in hand, I did ſo belabour his *nates* with my *ferula*, that *profeƈto* I have whipped him, whip'd him thus——for half an hour together, until his abundant lachrymation had mov'd compaſſion: but, I knew that was the only way to diſciplinate him———

Chryſ. Indeed, Sir———

Man.——So, I ſay, having taught him his *Orthographia*, *Etymologia* and *Proſodia*, having alwayes a ſollicitous eye over his behaviour: I did learn him to make his reverence, not as your *Monſieurs* do, but more gravely in this manner; next, how to ⟩*congees*, &c. take a Lady by the hand;——So——afterwards how to kiſs,——— in this faſhion——

Mar. A pretty method indeed.

Man. I gave him, as I ſay, wholſom admonitions, cautions, inſtruƈtions, and now and then ſome little exhortations. *Primo*, Not to be garrulous; for, (believe me, Ladies) *Vir ſapit*, *qui pauca loquitur*; you are alwayes wiſeſt when you hold your peace. And then with that geſture to diſcourſe, gravely, as you ſee me,

and like a School-man; (for, I have been ſometimes *Hypodidaſcalus* in the great School of *Florence*, *imo Hypodidaſculus*, Ladies,) but, as I ſaid, I learned him to be concinne and terſe in his habit, with hair in the same longitude, as you ſee mine. *Secundo*, How to keep a clean mundified noſe, not with his ſleeve, but with his *ſudarium*, or handkercher———

Mar. He intends to weary us I think.

Man. Tertio, As I ſaid——(*hoc agatur ſerio*) *tertio*, as I ſaid, *tertio*, *inquam*, to eat his meat with a great deal of circumſpection and neatly; that is to ſay, with one finger and his thumb ——thus——*Quarto*, To contain himſelf *à capite ſcalpendo*; from ſcratching of his head, (give ear I beſeech you, Ladies, for it concernes you.)

Mar. He thinks we are his Schollars.

Chryſ. Peace, Siſter, let us hear him out.

Man. Quarto, As I ſaid, (take heed) *Quinto*, I ſay, and *maximè à crepitando & eructando*; that is, from emitting ventoſities or flatuoſities from his concavities: with ſeveral other admonitions, according to the dictates of *Joannes Sulpitius*, and *Guilielmus Lillius*, my two very good and learned friends———

Mar. Will he never make an end?

Man. But, above all, Ladies, for reſpect to his friends (becauſe I am incarcerate with obligations to all his paternal Relations) I did alwayes exhort him to abſtain from tripudiation or dauncing, gladiation or fencing, luſitation or gaming, equitation or riding, *& ſic de cæteris*; So that now he is one of the beſt educate youths in *Florence*, elſe *Ego operam & oleam perdidi.*

Chryſ. He is very much obliged to you, Sir.

Man. Now, I will not moleſt you with a more ample relation of his good qualifications; but, he is a friend to modeſty and chaſtity, an enemy to superbity, *in potu moderatus*; but, *notandum*——— he is moſt locuplete both in argentary and frumentary rents——— not given to luxury or venery——no, not at at all to venery———

Mar. What a tedious harangue for nothing.

Man. But, (to conclude, becauſe now the time is gone) as I ſaid before, as I ſay now, and I hope your intelligence does comprehend, when he comes into Town, I ſhall concomitate him to your domicile

cile, diverſory, chamber, cubicular, or what you pleaſe, and——ſo farewell. *Exit.*

Chryſ. What a meer Pedant!

Mar. As ever liv'd, Siſter, I cannot love him.

Chryſ. Peace, Siſter, let us appear civil before him; for, he is imployed by that Gentelman *Becabunga's* friends, to ſound our humours I warrand you——

And what our friends have ordain'd, we will do,
What e're it be, there's reaſon for it too.

Exeunt.

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Arabella *ſola, as at* Siena, *having got intelligence of the Rebels victory.*

Ar.——TOo true——I fear'd it alwayes;——now frail woman,
Has thou no eyes? Art thou not ſenſible
Already of our ſlavery?——*Barbaro,*
A *Florentine,* a profeſ'd enemy
To all *Siennois,* will become our Maſter.
——But hold——imagine the brave *Marciano,*
As gods know, and I fear, a priſoner.
Conſequently thy heart in quarter with him,
——Pray, what wouldſtt do? Reſolve, poor *Arabella,*
Would'ſt not go ſearch him? or would'ſt rather ſtay
Thou at *Siena* here, he, God knows where.
Love prompts the firſt, honour perſwades the laſt,
This fear adviſes, that hope ſtrongly preſſes;
Fear tells me, I ſhould erre; for, may be he
Whom in proſperity, I did ſcarce eſteem,
May now forget me too, (a fault our Sex
Ofttimes commit, more through infirmity
Then malice) yet, were I aſſur'd he were
Priſoner in *Florence,* I'd no more debate,
But ſearch and find him, at whatever rate. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Marciano, *a boy with him as in an Inn.*

——THis Inn is good——now late——I might have here
Convenient lodging, if I durſt but ſtay——
——Sirrah, go ſee my horſes——— *Exit Boy.*
A chair ſet out.
Good gods! is't come to this?———muſt we behold
Rebellion in its full *Epitaſis*?
No antidote to ſave th'empoyſoned State?———
——Thoſe forces, I had rallyed, now undone,
Routed, quite routed———what ſhall I reſolve - ——
I've overcome a tedious voyage———O!
If I could now have but one half hours reſt,
That with good news from my Prince would refreſh
Both body and ſoul———But yet how can my eyes
Receive their lawfull tribute, when my heart
Is toſs'd 'twixt hope and love?———hope bids me live
To ſee a bleſſed *Cataſtrophe* yet to all
Our preſent tumults——love perſwades me rather
To dye, then ſee the vertuous *Arabella*,
(Although unkind to me, as yet deſpiſing
My ardent ſuit) become a prey to ſuch
As know no love, but in their tyranny.
O heavenly, divine creature——would thou know (*ſits down*
My preſent flames———wer't poſſible thoſe ſighs
My troubled heart ſends forth, might be condenſ'd
Into one body:———ſure they could inform
Thoſe very ſtones with breath, thoſe ſtones ſhould move:
Thoſe ſtones ſhould ſpeak; and as they are become
The only witneſſes of my complaint,
So be the true Embaſſadours of my ſorrow;

To

To ſhow the vertuous *Arabella*——that——
Thus——for——her love----- *takes a nap.*

Enter boy haſtily.

My Lord——the enemy——the enemy——Fly...Fly...Fly.
Exit boy running

Marciano *bolts out of his chair.*

Fly! Fly! avaunt with that base cowardly gibbriſh;
That *Algebra* of honour; which had never
Been nam'd, if all had equal courage——what?
I fly! Poor rogue, 'had as good bid me dye. *(draws*
I'le force my way, or make a noble end,
Valour does ſometimes humane wit tranſcend.

Enter Souldiers, ſwords drawn, &c.

1. *Soul.* This way——'tis he——take quarter.
Marc. Quarter! ——no ſlaves——I'le ſee your entrails firſt.
Thus Dogs——— } *fight, Sould. falls back,*
} Marciano *purſues.*

Enter again haſtily.

The hounds are now at a bay——
——No way t'eſcape——fortune, if not me,
Commiſerate at leaſt my Prince——I prize not
My life, if I muſt dye, transform my ſoul
Into ſome loyal breaſt,——I dye contented.

Enter Soul. as before.

There again——villains, are you ſo bold
——This ſword ſhall tame you—— } *falls back as before,*
} Marciano *purſues.*

A noyſe within. *Enter* Boraſco, *Souldiers with them,*
Marciano *priſoner.*

Bor. Sir, your noble courage hath oblidged our care,
The tearms of your ſurrender ſhall be obſerved
Faithfully——now to horſe——
Marc. I do obey, Sir, for with ſuch as you
A word does more, then oaths with cowards do.
Exeunt omnes.

Scæna

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Manduco, *with* Signior Becabunga, *knock at the door*, &c.

Man. HO ———who is within there? } *Enter Boy.*
Boy. Your ſervant Gentlemen. }
Man. Is the Lady *Marionetta* within?
Boy. Yes, Sir, Pray what are you, who demands?
Man. Why, here is Signior *Becabunga* newly come to town——But heark you, is ſhe occupyed?
Boy. How Sir.
Man. Profane Fellow——I mean, is ſhe not busie——that is to ſay, at leiſure?
Boy. O, yes——pleaſe you walk in.
Man. Yes——yes——*heus*———*ingrediamur.*

Exeunt.

Enter again at the other end, chairs ſet.

Boy. Pleaſe you to walk here a little, while I go call the Ladies. *Exit.*

Man. Remember now, when you are in private to propone matrimony with a great deal of ceremony, and for your complements, you may call her the Lady that triumphs in the Coach-box of your affections, a bewitching *Syren*, a beautifull *Thais*, and ſo forth, as occaſion offers. Praiſe her hair, her eyes, her ears, her breasts, *&c.* There is abundance of choice epithetes to be had, you may say her face is like a Print-book of divers characters, that puzles the reader, her noſe like the ſtyle of a Dyal, her eyes like Stars, her hair like Gold, her teeth like Ivory, her veins like ſilk, and her breasts like milk, and ſo forth, as I ſaid before:——you'l remember on this now.

Bec. Yes, yes, I warrand you, I ſhall remember——let me ſee now, her breaſts, her ſhoulders, her toes, her fingers, her nayls and her noſe———But hark you, muſt I say nothing of her cloaths?

Man.

Man. How come you to say that now?

Bec. Why? her noſe makes me remember on it.

Man. ——So——ſo—come fall upon the Ladyes——go——I ſay. } *Enter* Chryſolina, Marionetta, Bec. *Salutes, &c.*

Bec. Ladyes, I am indeed glad to ſee you now.

Man. Ladyes, I am your devotionated devotionary.

Mar. You are welcome to Town Sir.

Bec. Proteſt, Ladyes, I am your humble ſervant.

Man. As before, *nam cælum non animum mutat.*
Bec. As before, *nam cælos non animus mutat.* } Man. *prompts him behind his back.*

Man. You are wrong—Say——I did long vehemently to ſee you ——as one in child-bed.

Bec. I did long vehemently to see you in child-bed.

Man. A meer brutum animall!
Bec. What's the matter, Sir, did not I ſay very well now. } Man. *retires in a rage* Becabunga *followes him.*

Man. No——it was altogether ſiniſtruous, I have effodiate the treaſure of my brain in educating you,——and yet for all that you are a meer *ignoramus.*

Bec. O——I will do well enough yet——Pray, tell me what I ſhould say, for the Ladyes are waitting upon me.

Man. No——I will complement them my ſelf——ſpeak not you ——*ne vel unum gru.*

Ladyes, This gentelman is newly arrived at *Florence* the deſuetude of amorous converſation, with the aſſuetude of rurall exerciſes have ſo, as I may ſay, confounded his intellectuals, that if he heſitate in the pronunciation, he hopes you will meerly attribute it to his campeſtriall, trimeſtriall perigrination.

Chryſ. We not only excuſe you, Sir, but likewiſe account ourſelves honoured by your viſit——Pray ſit down Sir.

Man. Yes, yes, without ceremony.
Bec. Why——I think, you are ſilent, Madam. } Bec. *ſits down by* Mar Man. *ſits betwixt the Ladyes.*

Mar. I love not to prate Sir.

Bec. Nor I either.

Man. Nay so long as he was under my *ferula*; I did labour to coerce in him that loquacious verboſity, or rather verboſious loquacity

quacity, with which moſt part of the perverſe temporary adoleſcency is contaminate, for I hate garrulity, as I am facundious, I do.

Bec. I vow, Madam, you are very bony, ſince I } Man. *takes a* fee you laſt——O, I have had rare paſtime in the } *pype of tobacco.* country this harveſt, brave hunting, and hawking of hares; and but the laſt day comming in to the Town, I tooke a couple of them by the way. O, Madam, you will not beleeve what brave ſport wee have now. I wonder why you have stay'd in city all this while?

Mar. What ſhould we have done in the country, Sir, hunted, and hawked as you doe?

Man. I hope this does not offend you, Madam. *Chryſ.* Not at all, Sir.

Man. I ſhould be loath to offend any } *Smoakes in Chryſ. face* man, but I am without ceremony. } *Smoakes in Mar. face.*

Mar. Uſe your own liberty, Sir,

Man. Nay, I do it to draw down reuthm from my brain, with which my lungs are much infeſted: for, d'you ſee, 'tis a very ſalutiferous herbe: it diſpoſes the minde for ſtudy, and moves in ſeverall places; I will ſhow you what by it's help I made laſt night; marry a ſonnet upon a Lady, whoſe beauty had almoſt tempted me to affect her.——*She walk'd* } ſings. Nay; hold, I have a good voice for writing, but not for reading. I will read then.

Sonnet

She walk'd along with ſuch a grace,
And ſuch a catching eye,
That, had her Maſque not hid her face
Then——certainly——
In ſome degree,
I had become a lover certainly.

I had become
Both blind, and dumb,
For Cupids thundring dart
Had pierc'd my heart.
It had——by my facunditie.

But

But I more prudent was then ſo
  Aſſoon as ſhe drew nigh
I turn'd my back to her, and lo
  She glyded by.
  Immediatly.
Then I began to ruminate, and ſay
  What is wo——man ?
  Even no——man.
Why then ſhould wee love her,
  Seing we are above her,
And ſhe, at beſt, mans hacqueney ?

Man. ariſes.

——But heark you, Madam, I beleeve 'tis now time wee ſhou'd leave them to their private confabulation.

Chryſ. Yes Sir, with all my heart.

Man. One word then with this Gentelman, and I am gone—— *Heus*, be attentious and circumſpectious in your behaviour, remember on thoſe *elegantes phraſes*, I taught you when you came in: ſo I will retire, and leave you for a ſpace.

Exit with Chryſ.

Bec. Now wee are all alone, Madam, I hope you know my errand.

Mar. Not well, Sir.

Bec. I am ſure, my Father ſaid he cauſed the Lady *Saromanca* ſpeak to you, or elſe I am deceived.

Mar. But you had beſt ſpeak to my Uncle, Sir; I am at his diſpoſall.

Bec. You are very modeſt. *Offers to kiſſe, ſhe refuſes*

Mar. And I hope that is a vertue in a maid, Sir.

Bec. As I am a virgin, it is; I love you all the better for it: and I'le aſſure you ſo long as you are modeſt, you can never be impudent. *Enter Boy.*

Madam, *Signior Pantaloni* is below, ſhall I tell him you are within ?

Mar. Yes, yes, by all means, you muſt not deny us to ſuch a Gentelman of quality as he is.

Bec. *Signior Pantaloni*, ſay you, my old comrade, I would be very glad to ſee him.

Mar. He is in ſuite of my Siſter, a Gentelman of a great eſtate. I am much for the match; I'le go cauſe my Siſter come hither.

At the other end enter Signior Pantaloni, *Bec. ſalutes him.*

Bec. Signior Pantaloni!

Pant. Signior Becabunga——welcome to Town in good faith—— Yow are very gallant. } *Surveyes Bec. cloaths.*

Bec. ——It is my winter ſuite, Sir, it coſt my Father a good deal of money, more than the price of ten bolls of wheat, or barley, I warrand you.

Pant. I am ſure, you have had brave ſport in the country all this while.

Bec. O yes: you know my dog *Springo*?

Pant. Yes, and *Gaſto*, *graybitcho*, *brounhoundo*, and all the tribe of them: I knew them all ſince they were puppets, and your ſelf too.

Bec. Why, I will let him looſe with any 'his match in *Tuſcany.*

Pant. O what a fool was I, might not I have been with you all this while, if it had not been for this baggagely Miſtris of mine, Madam *Chryſolina*, call you her, whom my Mother will have me to woo whether I will or not, I may ſay; I had been in the country all this harveſt.——But, what ſhall I tell you, have not I learn'd ſince I ſee you to dance forsooth——that's a *coupee*— } that's a *circumflex pas:* that's a *tranſverſe pas*, &c., } *friſks about.*

Bec. O brave *Pantaloni*! } *Enter* Manduco *leading the Ladyes.*

Pant. I, but I can fence too—*zeeſt*—*zeeſt*—*zeeſt* } *Thruſts at Bec.*

Pant. Ladyes, I hope I have not com'd in into you } *Diſcover* as I may ſay intruſiouſly, or intruſively. } *the Ladyes.*

Chryſ. Not at all Sir, you are very welcome, pray how does your Lady mother, and your Siſters?

Pant. All in good health, Madam, at your ſervice——*Signior Manduco*, you are welcome to Town.

Man. Signior Pantaloni, I am yours integrally, and *quaſi exulto* in the proſperity of this our congreſſion.

Enter Boy.

Madam, the two Gentelmen you call *Caſio and Leonardo* deſire to ſee you. *Mar.*

Mar. Go tell them we are not within.

Chryſ. Tell them we are not at leaſure, Sirrah.

Exit Boy.

Man. What are they?

Pant. Ranting, young blades, like the times, I warrand you, two fellows, that have frequented all your Stage-playes in *Italy*, and I heard our Chaplain ſay; and my Siſter too (which is more) that Playes were very unlawfull and impious.——

Man. Playes are indeed profane, ſcelerate, abominable, yea, abominably abominable——which I will maintain *multis argumentis.*

Pant. Beſides, they are great mockers of ſuch Gentlemen as us, who are better then themſelves.

Man. Are they of the Dukes party?

Pant. Yes, I warrand you.

Man. *Hoc ſatis eſt——odi totam gentem*: Ladies, you do well not to converſe with them——but no more of them: Ladies, what would you think of a perambulation in this calid, æſtivous ſeaſon?

Chryſ. But whether ſhall we walk, Sir?

Pant. Any where, Madam, I ſhall wait upon you.

Bec. And, I ſhall ſtick cloſe to my Lady, forſooth.

Mar. Wee'l have a coach then.

Bec. By all means——call a Coach.

within, Coach, &c.

Man. Let us then paſſe the Pomeridian hours in obambulation: for I am defatigate with ſeſſion.

Exeunt omnes.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Boraſco *with* Arabella *Priſoner.*

Ar. GOod my Lord, for the reſpect to honour,
Prove courteous to a poor diſtreſſed Lady,
And now your priſoner——
Bor. My priſoner——Not, by this hand, ſo much,
As I am yours. (*kiſſes her hand.*
Ar. I ſhould belye my paſſion, Sir, if I,
Next to the publike deſtiny of my Country,
Did not reſent my own calamity;
But yet your undeſerved clemency
Does moderate my misfortunes——
Bor. How! undeſerved——when even *Cannibals*,
Tam'd by the aſpect of your radiant eye,
Would quit their barb'rous, ſuperſtitious rites,
And offer, what their gods uſurp, to you.
Ar. Sir, I owe much, I muſt confeſs, to nature,
But your applauſe inflames the bill more high,
'Tis now our common fate to be impriſon'd,
But not ſo common to be thus reſpected.
Bor. Lady, what the Lord *Barbaro* hath ordain'd
I hold it alwayes juſtice——but becauſe
Your face does ſpeak you one, whom all ſhould honour,
That e're have known what love is, I regrate
This your confinement; the cauſes of which
Are only known to his excellency, (*Enter Iaylor.*
Time will diſcover all———but here he comes
Who muſt be your guardian———Sirrah——
Jayl. Your pleaſure, my Lord?
Bor. By order from the Senate, you'r commanded
To take this Lady in your cuſtody———
See you reſpect her, Sirrah,——let her not

Be

Be uſ'd, as other ordinary priſoners.
Mark what I ſay, you varlet——ſerve her well.

Jayl. I ſhall, forſooth, my Lord, ſhe ſhall be as well uſ'd as any Lady can be in priſon.

Bor. Madam, I'le viſit you ſometimes, and ſee
You treated, like an honourable Lady.
This Fellow ſhall have ſpecial care of you,
Command him at all times; and for my ſervice,
Pray ſpare it not——farewell——ſhe is my priſoner, (*aſide.*
I ſhall have fit time yet t'impart my flames.

Exit.

Jayl. Now, forſooth, Madam, will you be pleaſed to walk—— I'le conduct you to as neat, a wel-ſwipp'd, wel-trimm'd Room, as you can have in many parts of *Florence*: My Lord *Boraſco*, is a very obliging Gentleman, and I'le aſſure you, he loves to be courteous; I will have a care of you for his ſake; my Wife, and I (I muſt have you acquaint with her, Madam) for ſhe is one of the loving'ſt, dutifull, old Sluts, that you have known——

Ar. Come then, let's go——

Jayl.———My Wife and I, I ſay, Madam, ſhall ſerve you to a hair, for ſhe loves to be courteous, as well as my ſelf.

Ar. Where are my Countrymen lodg'd? I'd rather
Be with them, as elſewhere——

Jayl. A *Piſan*, Madam?

Ar. No——a *Siennois*.

[*Jayl.*] There are many *Siennois* Nobles in my cuſtody.

Ar. The Lord *Marciano*: ſince 'tis my misfortune
To be his Fellow-priſoner.

Jayl. Madam, you ſhall ſee him, for I love to be courteous, eſpecially to ſtrangers, Madam.

Exeunt.

Scæna.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Chryſolina, Marionetta, *as in their Chamber.*

Mar. How did you like our laſt entertainment, Siſter?

Chryſ. Indifferently well; I love that ſame Gentleman, *Signior Becabunga*: he is none of your ranting young Gallants, but a ſober youth as is in all *Florence.*

Mar. 'Tis true, but yet———

Chryſ. —What——don't you love him, Siſter? you are a fool if you let ſuch a fair occaſion ſlip——ſuch a fine Woodcock is not ſtart every day:———he hath a great Eſtate, Siſter, remember that.

Mar. 'Tis all true———

Chryſ. I, and he will not readily ſpend it; his Tutor, *Manduco*, hath bred him very ſparingly——honeſt man, I proteſt he is an honeſt man:——yea, a very honeſt man.

Mar. He is indeed——

Chryſ. And then, Siſter, you may have a very contented life with him: he is a good-natur'd, ſweet youth, he will give you all your will, and I'l aſſure you that is a great property in a man.

Mar. ——And what think you of your own Suitor, *Pantaloni* all this while? } *Enter* Caſsio, Leonardo, *quietly.*

Chryſ. Why——I know not what I ſhall ſay of him yet. } Mar. *diſcovers them.*

Mar. Goodneſs! how came they here? } Chryſ. *ſtarts back.*

Leon. Nay, my pretty *Daphne*, fly not my embraces, I know we have ſurpriſ'd you now. } *amazed.*

Caſſ. What pretty intrigue of love was the object of your diſcourſe, pray let us be ſharers with you in your entertainment.

Leon. My life for't, you were deviſing ſome ſtratagem, how to croſſe the designs of ſome affectionat Votary: you have no pity on our Sex now a dayes, Ladies.

Caſſ. None, indeed, if you were not viſible in this age, then we ſhould not love: but, when we once conceive flames of affection for

for you, in lieu of fomenting us in our delights, you make love a diſeaſe to us by your unmercifull nicety, which deprives us altogether of your converſation: this is ſad, Ladies; truſt me 'tis ſad.

Mar. You wrong our Sex, Sir.

Chryſ. But, d'you hear, Sir, ſeriouſly I intreat you would forbear ſuch viſits; for, you will but give people occaſion to talk of what we never thought on.

Mar. And beſides, Sir, thoſe who challenge power over us will be offended at this entertainment: we intreat you then, Gentlemen, to leave us.

Caſſ. Farewell, then, cruel beauty, but do not imagine ſuch a harſh repulſe will ſtop the current of my boundleſs love; abſence ſhall never prove ſo fatal: but while my breath ſhall demonſtrate that I live, this heart, this ſpeech and this hand ſhall demonstrate that I love you. Farewell bright ſtar of my fancy. *to* Mar.

Exit.

Leon. Such a fair Lady cannot be ſo cruel, I will not take this anſwer as a repulſe, but rather conſtrue it the moſt favourable way. Farewell, time, I hope, ſhall melt the ſeverity of your reſolutions. *to* Chryſ.

Exit.

Chryſ. Farewell my ranting gamſters, we are not meat for your mouths.——What fooliſh people have we in our houſe, Siſter, to admit them Gentlemen?——why, they came in upon us while we were ſerious.

Mar. Yes, Siſter, and if one of us had been commenting on the Piſs-pot, it had been all one to them, when doors are left open.

Chryſ. And knowing that our friends cannot endure them, they ſhould, at leaſt, in conſcience, have denied them acceſs. O! how I ſhall baffle them ſame wenches that did not look to our Chamber door better.

Mar. I proteſt, Siſter, we must marry quickly, otherwayes we ſhall be conſtantly infeſted with ſuch importunate Suitors; and that, in my opinion, is no great pleaſure to a woman, it diſtracts their ſpirits, me thinks.

Chryſ.

Chryſ. You ſay right, Siſter, wee ſhall never be well, untill we be even well marryed.

Exeunt.

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Boraſco, *with* Arabella *in priſon.*

Bor. LAdy, I have at length obtain'd that favour
Of the Lord *Barbara*, you may go abroad
To any part o'th citty that you pleaſe.
Providing you return hither at night———
Ar. My Lord, I thank you kindly. I find you have
Exceeded in your favours, ſince I came
Into this priſon: you have (without flattery)
Even overacted courteſie to me——
Bor. I plead not ſo for every one, but you
May challenge my reſpects:——the power I have
As captain of the Guards, ſhall be employed
To ſerve you, Madam, as you pleaſe command me.
Ar. Then 'pray, my Lord, 'mongst others, grant me this,
To ſee the Lord *Marciano.*
Bor. Madam, I ſhall conduct you to his Chamber,
Or, if you pleaſe, he ſhall come hither to you.
Ar No, I will go to him.

Exeunt.

Scæna Sixta.

At the other end enter Marciano, *with him the* Jaylor.

Mar. A Lady, ſay'ſt thou?
Jayl. Yes, my Lord, a young Lady.
Marc. A Lady, and a *Siennois*,——ſtrange!

Who

Who can this be !——but now I have a thought,
Yet I dare not expreſſe it——can it be !
No, ſure——impoſſible——prethee begone,
And leave me to my ſelf———

Jayl. She will be here by and by, my Lord. *Exit Jayl.*

Marciano ſolus.

Marc. Well, who this Lady is, I cannot think,
But in a dreame :——O, may I yet imagine,
'Tis ſhe——Nay, hold ——my hope cannot support } *Enter Arabella*
Such a ſtrong thought of bleſſe ! I ſhall offend } *quietly.*
Even in thinking——— } *Marciano diſcovers her.*
——A cheat——a meer cheat——eyes do not gull me.
The Lady *Arabella* !——No, unleffe
I heare her talk,——I'l think it ſtill a phantaſme } *Approaches*
———Speak fair ghoſt——is it thee ? } *to her.*

Ar. Marciano, it is I, the unfortunate *Arabella.*

Marc. Then it is no more I——O——how I am } *Embraces her.*
Tranſported ! how that divine voyce hath raviſhed
My duller ſenſes !——is't poſſible, you weep
In ſympathy with my afflictions ?

Ar. Yea altogether.

Marc. Good gods ! it is ſhe——O does *Arabella*, } *Embraces*
Who, while I was in full proſperity, } *again.*
Did frown upon my Paſſions : ſtoop ſo low,
As ſee me now in miſery——unleſſe
She mean, as children, with their hobby-horſes,
T'unravell me, that ſhe may thereby ſee
What ſtuff I do contain :——dare I preſume
To think that love to me hath brought you hither ?

Ar. Moſt true——nought elſe——

Marc. Fair innocence, whoſe preſence does revive
My ſpirits in this agony of ſorrowes,
While I am coop'd up, as a parrot, here,
Expecting every day, when *Atropos*
Shall cut my thread of life ; that thou ſhould daigne
To viſit me ! had your fair hand diſpatch'd
One word in poſt, it had been too great honour.

But thus to be thy own Embaſſadour,
'Tis a bewitching happineſſe; no tongue
Can well expreſſe my paſſion———good, my ſtars
Preſerve me from an extaſie!———

Ar. You wrong me, *Marciano*, I left *Siena*,
Hearing of your bad ſucceſſe; thence I came
To *Luca*; there not finding you, to *Florence*,
To ſee if I could purchaſe your enlargement,
Either by art, or favour: but no ſooner
Was I come hither, when I was ſuſpected
As one, who keep't ſecret intelligence
With the Dukes party here, and ſo committed——

Marc.——Committed—how!—committd—heathniſh wretches!
Barbarous Rebells! to impriſon one,
Whom Indians had ſpar'd,——By *Mars*——unheard of
Even amongſt *Turks*, and *Tartars*! *Ar.* Nay forbear,
I am not ſo unfortunate, as you think,
The Senate meaning thus to puniſh me
Have rather cheriſh'd me:——your company
May well allay my griefs.

Marc. By this ——and this——— } *Kiſſes her hand.*
You honour me too much, but which is ſad,
I never ſhall be able to repay
That love to you, which I owe, ſeing every hour
I doe expect my ſentence———

Ar. Alas! harſh fates! O frail reward of courage!

Enter Jaylor.

Jayl. Madam, my duty bears me to conduct you to your Chamber, it is now high time.

Ar. My Lord, adieu, I ſhall ſee you to morrow.

Marciano ſolus. *Exit with Jayl.*

Marc. Farewell, my ſouls delight,—O unkind Stars!
A fit theatre for ſuch entertainment!
An embleme of our love!——But I exclaim
Unſeaſonably.———O how prettily
Fortune hath tyed me, as a Shrove-tide bird,
While *Saturne*, *Mars* and *Cupid* levell at me:

———A

——A fig for all her tricks——I ſcorn her frown,
She can win nothing, while my hearts my own. *Exit.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Strenuo *with the* Jaylor.

Stren. IS he ſentenced already?

Jayl. No, got yet; but he muſt die.

Stren. Well——let him go, 'twill learn others to be wiſe, friend; for, Souldiers haue but ſhrewd arrears paid them now for their ſervice.

Jayl. I am really ſorry for him; as I am true *Florentine* he is a noble Gentelman, and loves to be courteous——

Stren. But, d'you hear, Mr. Jaylor, ſhall we have t'other cup the night?

Jayl. I——at the *Siena* Tavern, *Signior Strenuo*, where we may have a cup of good Canary; I am for you there, *Signior Strenuo*, and will ſpend my checquin moſt heartily, *Signior*; for, I love to be frolique as well as courteous, eſpecially with ſtrangers, *Signior.*

Stren. ——Come then, brave old Boy, we'll have a cup o'th beſt on't. Will you go along now and I'l give you your morning draught?

Jayl. No———not now; I muſt wait upon my Lord *Boraſco*, he ſent word that he would be here by and by.

Stren. Farewell then——at night——old *Hary*——at night.

Exit Stren.

Jayl. Yes, yes, I ſhall not fail you *Signior*, I warrand you. This ſame *Strenuo* is a notable fellow, as ever I knew of a *Siennois*: he loves to be courteous, effaith.

Enter Boraſco *with Souldiers.*

Bor. See it be done, I ſay, the Senate means
To whip moſt of your ſtubborn *Siennois*,
By his example——ſirrah, Jaylor. *Jayl.* My Lord.

Bor. The Lord *Marciano* is condemn'd to die———

Jayl. The time, my Lord———

Bor. Within ſix dayes, no more reſpite——
Here are the Generals orders for it.
——Sirrah, look to your priſoner, watch him well.
I'l double all the ordinary guards
About the priſon; place my Sentinels
In every corner———

Jayl. I ſhall watch him, my Lord, I'l aſſure you,

Bor. As you will anſwer us: now he ſhall die.
Although he hath eſcap'd ſometimes before,
His worſhip ſhall play faſt and looſe no more.

Exeunt omnes.

Scæna Octava.

Enter Chryſolina, Marionetta, *as in their Chamber.*

Chryſ. I Profeſs ingenuouſly, Siſter, I am aſhamed of it.

Mar. And I likewiſe; for people give eaſily credit to any report now a dayes.

Mar. Let's rather be uncivil as admit them next time, Siſter: I love no ſuch company, I'l aſſure you.

Enter Signior Pantaloni.

Pant. Ladies, I am come to wait upon you again——according to my duty——as in duty I am bound to undertake.

Chryſ. Sir, you are very welcome, I hope your mother is well.

Pant. Yes, forſooth, Madam, how does your ſelf?

Chryſ. In very good health, Sir, I thank you.

Pant. I am very glad——But, hark you, Madam——one word in private with you—— *to Mar.* This by your leave Miſtris. *leads her aside.*

Hark you me now——my mother and I were ſitting by the fire-ſide laſt night, as it is our cuſtom, you know, in the winter-nights after ſupper; and——I do not know what we were talking of: but, amongſt the reſt I remember, if I have not forgot,—— that ſhe ſaid——ſhe said, ſayes ſhe———Now——whether this be

be true or not, I cannot tell; you know beſt yourſelf: but, I am ſure ſhe ſaid it.

Chryſ. What, pray Sir?

Pant. Now——I vow——if it were true, I would be as glad of it, as ever I was of my break-faſt in a cold day;——for, I proteſt ingenuouſly, I am ſure you know, I love to be ſerious.

Chryſ. Pray what's the matter, Sir?

Pant. Why——I vow I know you would bluſh now, elſe I would tell you it.

Chryſ. I beſeech you reſolve me, Sir.

Pant. I vow, I can hardly do it now, I am ſo ſtupified——with the rarity of the object of your perſon. } *kiſſes her hand.*

Chryſ. I can have no longer patience——

Pan. ——Nay, hold——here's it now——I hope you will not tell it again; for it was told me as a great ſecret——why ſayes ſhe——but, as I told you, I know not ſurely if it be true or not: but, ſhall I tell you what I anſwered——Marry, Lady mother, ſayes I——I fear you are but ſcorning me.

Chryſ. But, what was it that ſhe ſaid, Sir?

Pant. Why——I vow——ſhe——even ſaid——that——you loved me——and O but I was blyth——

Chryſ. Hum——and is that all? keep ſuch a long diſcourſe for nothing.

Pant. O!——I hope you are not angry.

Chryſ. No, no, Sir.

Mar. Why——you might have ſaid all that in three words, Sir.

Pant. Nay——but prethee tell me if it be true: for, if it be not, I ſhall win two Ryals from my mother: for, ſhe and I laid a wager upon it, and I am come here for nothing elſe but to be reſolved of it.

Mar. Well——then, you have win, Sir.

Pant. Nay——do not mock me now; I profeſs, I had rather loſe a dozen of Ryals before ſhe ſhould not love me: for, I am ſure——as ſure as this glove is upon my hand——I love her.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Madam, dinner is ready.

Chryſ. We come. *Signior*, will you dine with us, and——afterwards we ſhall talk of that at more leaſure. *Pant.*

Pant. With all my heart, fair Ladyes, If you pleaſe, I will ſup with you, and lye with you too——I love your company ſo well. *Exeuut omnes.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Arabella *ſola appears ſitting at a table as in her Chamber, &c.*

Ar. LOaden with cares: o'rewhelm'd with misfortunes!
Can female ſhoulders bear my heavie croſſes——
I left my native country of *Siena.*
To find out *Marciano* here at *Florence*:
Now have I found him: but O! how, God knowes,
And I too well percieve:——unhumane fates,
Whether, ah! whether will you hurrie me?
No end to your ſeverity:——Ay me!
What have I done? pray let me know my crime:
As yet I plead ſtrong innocence: unleſſe
It be a crime to love: pray ſhow my faults,
Or elſe ſuſpend my paines——
Now (which is ſad) I can ſcarce have repoſe
For ſighs and cares: and when I once awake
Boraſco, therein my true *Jaylor*, waits me,
With freſh ſollicitations:—thus my heart
Is rent in peeces; th'one half ſorrow claimes,
The other love——Ay me! what ſhall I do? } *weeps*

Enter Strenuo

Str. Shee's diſcontent already: but thoſe newes
I bring, will make her ſadder: I dare ſcarce
Declare them, leaſt ſhe ſwoon——Madam.

Ar. Welcome, dear *Strenuo*, pray how does thy Lord?

Str. Well, Madam,——but e're long, if fates prevent not——

Ar. How—that again,——me thinks, thou looks not chearfull
As thou were wont,——how does my Lord, I ſay?

Str.

Str. (If I dare tell you) he's condemn'd to dye.
Ar. ——To dye!——Ay me——be mercifull, and kill me
Good *Strenuo*, honeſt friend———prethee diſpatch——
Str. Stay madam, you are mad——
Ar. —Condemn'd to dye———
O how my heart ſtrings, by that pin of grief,
As by an unexpert muſicians hand,
Who ſtrives to raiſe his Lute to higheſt notes,
Tun'd up above the nick begin to crack.
Str. Forbear, fair Lady, 'tis no time to weep,
Now wee muſt doo; now wee muſt muſter all
Our wits to plot his eſcape——
Ar. As how——Alas fond *Strenuo*:——eſcape!
Dream not on that, rather invent ſome meanes,
How wee may dye together, like true lovers.
Str. Madam, you wrong your ſelf, I'le undertake.
By your aſſiſtance, to effect my purpoſe.
Ar. By my aſſiſtance, prethee doubt not that,
What will I not do, if I can, to ſave him?
Str. Then, Madam, here is *aquafortis* for you.
Look——this will do it, Lady, this applyed
To th'iron grate o'th window, will conſume it
In a ſhort ſpace; then in the ſilent night
By help of a ſmall rope he may eſcape.
Ar. 'Tis well, but all depends on th'*aquafortis*,
I cannot ſafely carry it to his chamber;
That *Cerberus*, that ugly cat-ey'd *Jaylor*
Will ſure diſcover me——
Str. Nay, as for him,
I'le keep the villain tipling all the while
He never ſhall ſuſpect you; I've provided
A ſouldiers habit for my Lord, in which garb
The devill himſelf ſhall never ſmell him out.
I'le ſo diſguiſe him:——go good Madam, go
Tender my love to him, and preſſe him by
All meanes to uſe it quickly I'le wait on him

At th'hour appointed——

Ar. I go, pray heavens, it may ſucceed.

Str. Fear not. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caſſio *and* Leonardo.

Caſſ. SO——you intend thither again, *Leonardo*, you were highly entertained, Boy.

Leon. And I believe, *Caſſio*, you had but ſmall encouragement.

Caſſ. Small encouragement indeed; bnt you muſt know, love is never in it's height, ſo long as limitate within the ſphere of reaſon; I love her ſo much the more that ſhe appears unreaſonable, as you call it.

Leon. But, aſide, here comes *Don Quixot* and *Sancho Pancho.* } *Enter* Becabunga *and* Pantaloni *diſcourſing.*

Caſſ. 'Slid, let's accoſt them.

Leon. No, let's firſt obſerve their behaviour.

Pant. Say you ſo; O! I long furiouſly to travel.

Bec. I mar'le you delay ſo long.

Pant. Why, I vow my trunk hath been twice a ſhip-board for *Marſeilles*, and myſelf at *Ligorn*, but, I vow my mother weep'd ſo, that I could not find in my heart to leave her.

Bec. And it may be the Lady *Chryſolina* would not permit you.

Pant. O——no; I know ſhe would wait upon me ſome half year, or ſo yet while I ſaw *France* and came back again; although I vow, ſhee's a pretty, pretty, pretty Gentlewoman, as I know betwixt me and her.

Bec. You will have her yet, I warrand you.

Pant. I hope ſo; for I am ſure ſhe loves me, or elſe I have no skill.

Bec. Does ſhe ſo, and that is ſome encouragement though.

Caſſ. Prethee let's interrupt them, enough of ſuch diſcourſe in all conſcience.

Leon. Yes, now we will accoſt them——Gentlemen, the general

general character of you in this City, hath rendred us ambitious of your acquaintance.

Caſſ. Signior *Becabunga*, you are moſt auſpiciouſly returned to the City.

Bec. Your humble ſervant, Sir; your *extollation* of me is undeſerved.

Leon. Sir, I do but what all ingenuous perſons ſhould do, no queſtion you are conſcious of your own merits. } *Leon* to *Pant.* Caſſ. *takes* Bec. *aſide.*

Pant. Sir, the faculty of my expreſsion———is not capable to entertain——as I may ſay———or expreſs the motion of my affection, to uphold——as I may ſay, acquaintance, familiarity with you——I hope you underſtand me, Sir.

Leon. Yes, and admires your wit too, Sir.

Pant. Sir, I am your very humble ſervant; I hope I need not back it with an oath; *nam*, *nemo tenetur* (you know) *jurare in ſuum detrimentum.*

Caſſ. Good, and what ſaid they?

Bec. Why, they ſaid you were a couple of idle youths.

Leon. How!——*Caſſ.* Prethee let me hear out this diſcourſe.

Pant. ——Ho, ho, very true, I proteſt I think they wrong'd you: for, for my own part, as I am Gentleman, I think you are very civil, although I ſay it in your face.

Caſſ. Good, and no more prethee?

Bec, Nay, now I have not leaſure, *Manduco* will be ſeeking me through all the Town; O he will chide me, *if he find me not.*

Caſſ. Hang him a Loggar-head.

Bec. A Loggar-head, I would not for never ſo much he heard you ſay that; he thinks himſelf no ſmall man I'l aſſure you.

Adieu, Sir———*Pantaloni*, will you go? *Exit Bec.*

Pant. Annon, Sir———Gentlemen, I ſhall be very willing and deſirous that we may entertain our preſent converſation willingly: and, for my part, *I have the honour* to drink one cup of wine with you, I will wait upon you at any time or place convenient, if there be no *lawfull impediment why theſe parties may not be joyn'd*——Oh, I crave you pardon, Gentlemen,——*Lapſus linguæ non eſt atramentum.* Farewell. *Exit.*

Leon. Now, go thy wayes, *Signior Pantaloni*, thou art this day as compleat a *gull* as lives in *Florence*, *without diſparagement of any Gentleman whatſoever.*

Caſſ. He hath diſcovered all to me, *Leonardo*, I never read of ſuch humorous Ladies.

Leon. And they will be ſo alwayes, while we can render them gulls deſpicable in their ſight.

Caſſ. Let's think then how to affront them.

Leon. I'l rack my invention, but I will ſet them by the ears together.

Caſſ. That were good, if you can do it handſomly.

Leon. I'l do my beſt; come——let's go conſult upon it.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marciano, Arabella.

Marc. PErſwade me not, I cannot but abhor
Such a prepoſterous attempt———
Ar. My Lord———
Marc. Dear ſoul of ſweetneſs, do not torture me
With fruitleſs plots——within four dayes I die———
Should I eſcape and leave you priſoner——
———Think, think on that———
Ar. You may eſcape, my Lord;
I have brought hither t'you, ſome *aquafortis*
Which your friend *Strenuo* gave me this morning;
You may apply it to the grate o'th'window——
Marc. And what then——
Ar. Your friend aſſures me 'hath a Souldiers habit
In readineſs for you. This ſame *aquafortis*
Will do the buſineſs——quick, apply it quickly——
Look to your ſelf, now it grows late, my Lord.
Marc. May I truſt this———
Ar. You may, indeed, 'tis true.

Now

Now, now, or never, you muſt ſoon apply it——
This night you may as eaſily eſcape
Marc. I'le try this trick for once.——
Ar. Fear not the Jaylor; he is fox'd already,
So *Strenuo* did aſſure me———
Apply it then, and if you don't eſcape——
Marc. I'le undertake it then——leave this with me,
I'le go about it preſently——mean time,
I'le cauſe put all in order——you muſt return
Within an hour hence:——and cauſe *Strenuo*
Be ready at the window———
Ar. Fear not that.
Marc. Farewell then.
Ar. May my choyceſt prayers aſſiſt you.

Exit Marciano

Arabella *ſola.*

And if this fail, what can a womans wit
Invent, that will ſucceed?———Alas, I fear,
Stil, ſtill, I fear, while he be ſafely hence.
I have uſ'd all means, nothing left untry'd
For his enlargement; yet could not prevail.
——O love!——who can define thee——hopes and cares,
In conſtant ballance; hov'ring up and down——
Here's a poor heart, within this troubled breaſt;
That like a malefactor at the bar,
Trembles at this deſign:——O powerfull love——
What haſt thou not perſwaded me to do——

Sings behind the arras.

———But heark, a ſong, I will give ear to it,
I know *Boraſco* hath ordain'd it for me——

Song.

1.

So, ſo,
Lo Lillies *fade, before the* Roſes *ſhow*
Themſelves in bow-dye, ſummers-livery.
Feaſting the curious eye,
With choyce variety,

While as before
We did adore
Narciſſus *in his prime.*
Now Roſes do delyte
The nycer appetite:
Such is the vaſt diſparity of time.

2

So, ſo,
One woman fades, before another know
What 'tis to be in love; but in a trice
All men do ſacrifice
To th'latter, and deſpiſe
Her, whom before
They did adore
Like Lillies *in their* prime.
Since now her ſparkling eyes
Are darkned in diſguiſe:
Such is the ſad diſparity of time.

Ar. A proper *ſimile*——now I ſee in what
Article *his pulſe* beats:——no *Syren* ſhall
Bewitch my ſoul to love:——O *Marciano,*
How I lament *thy fate:* heavens lend me tears,
Since by my prodigal expence of ſorrow,
I'me become banquerout: or elſe I beg
A period to my dayes: ſince certainly,
Life without love, is but calamity. *Exit weeping.*

Scæna Septima. [*Scæna Quarta*]

Enter Manduco, Marionetta.

Mar. CAn he not ſpeak for himſelf, Sir? he muſt court by his embaſſadours, forſooth.

Man. The reaſon is, *in promptu,* Madam; for the youth is endued with pudicity: he cannot be his own *buccinator,* or Trumpeter

petter of his own fame; but he bid me aſſure you that he did vehemently, *imo toto corde* affect you. And ſo it may appear by his own manuſcripts; as, *exempli gratia*, read the 3, *page*, 20th line of that luculent Epiſtle of his to you, dated, 1. *Cal. Martii*; You will find that a man cannot expreſſe himſelf more lovingly: he calls you, *enim*, the *prototype* of all beauty, the *Archetipe* of modeſty, the ſource from whence all other rivolets of chaſtity do Scaturiat, *&c.* Is not that *amantiſſimum*?

Mar. No, 'tis not enough, Sir.

Man. No——why he told me, that you would not permit *oſculation*, and what elſe can he do when he is in privat with you, for I taught him not to be loquacious——

Chryſ. Be merry, Siſter, you are happy, you are a Lady, Siſter—— } *Enter* Chryſolina *haſtily.*

Man. A Lady!——*quid ſibi vult*, to whom is ſhe deſponſat, Madam?

Chryſ. The buſineſſe is now at a cloſe, Siſter, *Caſſio* may go to his travells now, he dare trouble you no more, Siſter.

Mar. What d'you mean? ſhall I be married, and not know to whom?

Man. Yes, *Sicuti nunc mos eſt*, you may be collocate in nuptialls, before you know *cui*, *quando*, *& quomodo*, *id eſt*, to whom, how, or when. } *Aſide.*

Chryſ. Don't you know, Siſter, *Signior Becabunga?*

Mar. Is he the man? *Chryſ.* Who elſe d'you think?

Man. How now *omnia recte* again——Lady, I congratulat the immenſe, ineffable felicity and fecundity of your ſagacious election———

Chryſ. Hath not he been wooing you all this while? who elſe ſhould be your husband, but he, pray? *Man.* Hum——

Mar. Well I am content. *Man. Recte*——

Chryſ. Content,——marry I ſhould willingly change conditions with you. *Man. Bene habet.*

Chryſ. He is a good match, I'le aſſure you.

Man. I can add a jurament to that.

Chryſ. Mr. *Manduco*, ſhe owes much to you for it.

Man. To me, Madam: O I am obligate to your ingenuity.

Chry.

Chryſ. She does indeed, Sir:——Come, Siſter, let's in, and deviſe what rare fancies wee muſt have againſt the wedding, wee'l ſend to the Mercers preſently, and have the best Sattins, taffatas, ribbons and ſuch other toyes, that can be had for money, come, come, —— Farewell good Sir ——— honeſt *friend Manduco*, ſarewell.

Mar. Well, he may be a good husband yet *for all that*——

Manduco *ſolus* *Exeunt.*

Friend *Manduco*, ſaith ſhe, *notatu dignum*: now am I their friend, their amicall relation: ſo, this matrimony is, I may ſay, now almoſt, very nigh, altogether conſummate: for which I expect a large honorary from both parties: O the pregnant wit of an intelligent Scholaſtick! now if I can effectuat the like for *Signior Pantaloni*, I ſhall have likewiſe *aliquid amplius*: ſo that I muſt at length provide for a matrimoniall relation to my ſelf: for, although, I be *quinquagenarius*, or fifty years of age, yet what Virgin in *Florence* will reſpuat me when I abound in riches, and ſhall be——*Dives agris, dives, poſitis in fœnore nummis.*

Exit.

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Pantaloni *with* Chryſolina.

Pant. NOw, Madam, ſince I have got you all alone, I proteſt, I muſt make a little bold with you——*Chryſ.* How, Sir! } *Embraces her.*

Pant. In civility only, I mean in civility, Madam, for I would only ask you one queſtion, and that's not two, *videlicet*, whether or no, that is, when we may be *Joyn'd in the lawfull band of matrimony, betwixt theſe parties following*, to wit. for you ſee *Becabunga* has not been long a doing, he has taken your Siſter to be his lawfull ſpouſe already, I hear, although he has been but a fortnight a wooing of her, and yet I have been wooing *you* one time with another theſe three moneths, I wot well, and I am ſure that you love me—*Chryſ.* Are you ſure, Sir?

Pant.

Pant. Yes indeed, and I think there is as much reaſon for the one as for the other: and to be free with you, a my conſcience I might have had a bony Gentlewoman (juſt ſuch another as your ſelf) with twelve thouſand Duckats in portion, a moneth ſince, had it not been for you: conſider, pray you, what you promiſed to my mother laſt night.

Chryſ. You will allow me a time to conſult with my ſelf, Sir, will you not?———

Pant. That's a ſtrange conſulting! what have you been doing ever ſince I ſee you firſt? I am ſure you have had time enough to conſult all this while: and I'l tell you now, when your friends and mine have agreed, there's no time to conſult, but preſently to be *matrimonyed*; you know that as well as I now.

Chryſ. You will do well to preſs me no further at this time, Sir.

Pant. I'l let you alone for once then; but, the next time I ſhall come to ſee you, you muſt not conſult any: for, to tell you truly, as I heard my mother ſay, you may be glad of me for your huſband——*Chryſ.* Pray, no more, Sir.

Pant. And then, when I have ſpent ſo much money in wooing you, you will yet go, may be, and marry another. Fy for shame.

Chryſ. I ſhall not marry while I give you an anſwer, Sir.

Pant. I, but as my mother ſayes, it is good to be ſure, if any other man ſhould beat me out of my ſtirrops now: I would come to a peel'd egg, would not I? *Chryſ.* no more of that, Sir.

Pant. I'l refer my ſelf to your own diſcretion then——but, O!——I had almoſt forgot, I vow, that's very well remembred; was not I mounted on *Peg-a-ſus* laſt night? (now this *Peg-a-ſus* is the muſes horſe, he has wings and flyes, God bleſs us) and what think you I have done? marry you ſhall hear what rare Verſes I have made. O! Madam, are you there? you are come in very good time; I was juſt a going to read my Verſes, but you ſhall hear an Anagram firſt—— It is a pretty thing, Madam; you can read and write I warrand you; ſee you there your own name—— *Enter* Mar. *Takes out his Verſes*, &c. *reads.*

You ſee,——

Chryſolina (Anagram)
You're even like a cherry.

I'l

I'l be judg'd if that be not pretty now: for, d'you ſee, I have only borrowed ſome four letters, or ſo, out of, Madam, your Siſters name, here, becauſe ſhe is a nigh relation and may ſpare them; and I have added two (I think) out of the *quickneſs of my ſelf*.

Chryſ. Excellent indeed, Sir. *Mar.* Good, upon my word.

Pant. I, but you have not ſeen all yet; here are brave Verſes upon your name, *Madam Chryſolina*.

Chryſ. An *acroſtick*. Sir.

Pant. I, I, an *accurſtick*, the ſame. And thus it is——take notice now. *reads.*

Canſt thou not ſee, Pantaloni, *there's the* C. *now.*
How thy Miſtris is ſo bony?

Now I am speaking to my ſelf as 't were.

Revera, *ſhe is even ſuch,*
You cannot match her, and that's much.

Now there is *C. H. R. Y.* that is *Chry*.

She is handſom, neat and fine,
O, now if ſhe were but thine.

There's *S. O.* now that's *Chryſo*: now I am ſpeaking to my ſelf you muſt underſtand all this while.

Live then in hopes, and know it is conſtantly thy duty,
Is alwayes, everlaſtingly, to extoll and upbraid her beauty.

But, now take heed, here comes the tongue of the trump——

Narciſſus, Roſes, and every flower,
All muſt yield to her fair, rare, bright, ſparkling colour.

That's *Chry-ſo-li-na:* Now, is not that right now? ſay any of you, if you dare, if theſe Verſes be not as good as any you have ſeen.

Chryſ. Mar. They are extream good, Sir.

Enter Boy, rounds Pant. *in the ear.*

Pant. So, ſo, tell him I come:——Ladies, I muſt leave you, but I will not go home yet: *Becabunga* hath ſent for me to a collation; we'l drink both your healths e're we go to bed yet, and to morrow I ſhall ſee *you* e're *you* can get on your petticoats, *Madam Chryſolina:* for, I muſt be more familiar with *you*, ſince I have got ſuch a good commodity of frequenting *you*——I ſhall ſhow my mother all that has paſt betwixt us, *Madam*; So farewell.

Exit.

Mar.

Mar. How d'you like him, Siſter?

Chryſ. As formerly. I find him a very diſcreet Gentleman.

Mar. I would you had him for your husband.

Chryſ. I ſhould wiſh that ſame, *in a fair way*, Siſter.

Mar. Conſidering eſpecially, 'tis beſt to marry while you are now in your prime.

Chryſ. Right———for old maids are meer dogs-meat, they ſpoil the trade of wooing——Go by——go by. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Marciano, Boraſco.

Bor. 'Tis true, my Lord; yet, I don't much approve
Your Dukes ſevere proceedings: *Florence* will not
Endure the laſh of Monarchy, like *France*
Or *Spain:* ———No, they muſt be their own carvers.
————I hope the Lord *Barbaro*, who is now
Preſident of the Senate, will reform
Many of our abuſes————*Marc.* Well, you will
Come all to taſte of your own vintage yet;
So I believe: for, never yet, rebellion
Eſcap'd unpuniſhed:———But, you remember
You promiſ'd that the Lady *Arabella*
Might ſee me e're I dye. *Bor.* She ſhall, my Lord;
——So——by this hand, a plot, (*in going off.*
A very plot: he is my Rival ſure———
But ſhortly, *Signior*, you ſhall carry your head
Upon a Scaffold; and then, who dares
Claim her, beſides my ſelf. *Exit* Bor.

Marciano *ſolus.*

When men begin to quarrel with their Prince,
No wonder if they cruſh their fellow Subjects.
We are eye-ſores to the State: their black deſignes
Are croſs'd by us; and therefore we march off.———

Enter Arabella *weeping.*

Marc. Am I not yet ſufficiently plagued
With croſſes: but you muſt add one, which is
Heavieſt of all,——why weeping——prethee ceaſe
To vex thy ſelf: I am all reſolution,
And long to ſhow my courage: ſince my ſtars
Have ordain'd my departure: reſt contented.
Ar. Alas——and is my plot thus come to nought——
Marc. Peace, prethee, for although I am not able
To pay what your perfections claim, yet ſure
All generous ſouls (*my true executors*)
Shall pay my debt, fair Nymph. (*embraces her.*
Ar. My Lord, your death can be no more couragiouſly
Endur'd by you, then deplor'd by me——
Marc. Tuſh, as for death, I fear the varlet not,
I've often ſtare'd him out of countenance:
I have conſidered, that love to my Prince,
Should over-ſway all others: have choſen
Rather t'endure one ſtroke, and dye, then live,
And undergo the cenſure (of all crymes,
The moſt deteſtable) *Diſloyalty*.
Ar. Ay me! incenſ'd heavens, can nothing elſe,
Appeaſe your wrath but ſuch an offering?
O, cannot I, (ſpeak) I, although a woman,
Supply his place: I'le be an *Amazon*,
Expoſe my naked breaſt to ſteel, and ſhow
All women are not fetter'd to the diſtaffe.
Marc. Be not ſo cruel: all good things forbid,
The world ſhould ſee ſuch a fair ſoul expire,
And not diſſolve it ſelf: thou cannot dye,
(Although thou wouldſt) and *Marciano* live,
No, no more then a watch can move, if once
The cord be broke: can I live after thee.
Ar. Alas, alas, unheard of tyranny!
Unjuſt, even in injuſtice: thus to be
So cruell, as to murder him, and yet
Spare me; as much as if I ſhould becom
My own ſoul murderer; villains, how unjuſt!

But

——But here's my paſſing bell. (*A bell rings within.*
I muſt away——farewell——Oh, oh, my heart,
My heart diſſolves, my Lord, I muſt away.
Marc. Away——farewell bright love—— (*embraces*
Ar. Farewell, my Lord——
Marc. Farewell——now all good things preſerve thee here,
The gods hereafter: *thus*——and *thus* I leave (*kiſſes*, &c.
My heart in legacy:——*thus*, I take my laſt
Morſel of pleaſure: never ſhall my lips
Kiſs any thing hereafter, ſave the block——.
Ar. So, *thus*——and *thus*, I willingly reſign
All, what is yours, *this heart*: and ſo farewell.
Farewell for ever——oh——Farewell, my Lord. *Exit.*

Marciano *ſolus.*

——So, down goes duſt and aſhes, powers and honours,
Riches and joyes, the ſmoak of our deſires,
With all we can call ours: our youth, our ſtrength,
Fly like the ſullen clouds, when *Boreas* ſwells
Their entrails with his breath: we ſuddenly,
Like wilde-fire, diſappear, and ſtreight another
Steps in our place; and ſo we are no more——
—— Then heart, as thou haſt ſtill afford me courage,
Inſpire me now, that I may valiantly
Act the laſt part of this my Tragedy. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Manduco *ſolus, drunk.*

WHere is this ſame unhappy Boy? this *Signior Becabunga*, I have been making inveſtigation, ſcrutination, exploration, and ſpeculation for him this hour, and yet I cannot find this *individuum vagum*, as I may ſay——ſo, what are (*Enter* Caſſ. Leon. you, *boni viri*, I know, you have hurryed this Gentleman for whom I ſearch to ſome compotation, or elſe *ad lupanar*; yea, I am ſure of

it——how ſad it is to ſee young men, even, *impuberes adoleſcentes*, indulge venery, and ebriety ſo much, *& quid Venus ebria curat?* as a friend of mine ſayes.

Caſſ. The fellow's drunk, ſure——

Man. ——Drunk! O *pervicacem hominis indolem!* accuſing me of ebriety, when I am, even *in ſana mente conſtitutus*, conſtitute in ſanity of mind: 'tis true, indeed, I have been drinking; but it was with ſome of my brethren, *imo fratres fratrerrimi.*

Leon. What were they?

Man. Why, there was *Light-body*, *Laurie*, *Latie*, *Cheiſly quoq*; *Brounie*, *Bowiq*; *Hi enim ſunt Tuſcanii gloria ſumma ſoli*: beſides our *hoſpes*, what d'you call him, *Architabernarius*, or Arch-taverner, who is one of the commiſſioners for adminiſtration of——*drink*——to the people of *Tuſcania.*

Caſſ. Don't you enquire for *Signior Becabunga*, Sir.

Man. Yes, the very ſame, where is he? *ubinam eſt?*

Caſſ. You will find him at the *Verona tavern*, hard by, with ſome of his comrades.

Man. Say you ſo, I will go find him then, *profecto* I think I could ſcarce abſtaine from vapulating him for this his contumacy. *Exit.*

Caſſ. Now *Leonardo*, 'tis time we were ſtirring, if we do not, this match will go on.

Leon. Nay, I'l do any thing for thee, e're thou loſe her, *Caſſio*,

Caſſ. Come then; I have almoſt gull'd *Pantaloni* into a belief, that *Becabunga* wrongs him, for which he ſwears he will be revenged: now, if you can do the ſame with the other, our deſign may ſucceed yet.

Leon. Well, go you about your buſineſs then, fear not me. *Exit.*

Caſſ. Now, wit and art aſſiſt us both, I'l ſearch my gameſter and accompliſh the trick. *Exit.*

Scæna

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Arabella, *with the* Jaylor.

Jayl. MAdam, I will conduct you to him once again, but you muſt be very ſecret, for I hazard my life and reputation, if my Lord *Boraſco* have intelligence of this, for he gave me ſtrict command this morning, that I ſhould admit none to him but his confeſſor.

Ar. I ſhall be very ſecret, *I* warrand you.

Jayl. Come then, ſoft Madam, ſoft. } *Exeunt, ſhe enters*

Ar. For heavens ſake good my Lord, } *again with* Marciano

Vpon my knees I beg it———

Marc. This is impoſſible; I cannot do it;
Prove not a ſweet Remora any more,
I'me now reſolv'd: look to thy ſelf, fair gemme.

Ar. Cannot the tears of innocence prevaile.
Where is your courage now? what? are you cool?
Is all that noble blood, that formerly
Run in your veines exhauſted? muſt a woman
Become your Trumpeter, and ſtirr your ſpirits
Since 'tis but death at all hands——*Marc.* Prethee hold,
I would moſt willingly (as what man will doubt)
Procure my liberty by what ever meanes
But——O here lyes my fear, thou, thou bright love,
May come to ſuffer by it——*Ar.* Ah my Lord.
Conſider pray' that I have liberty
To go abroad at pleaſure: I have gain'd
The Lord *Boraſco's* favour: he will grant me
That which ſome dare not ask, nay muſt not think on.
I'le follow you without the leaſt ſuſpition.
Conſider that——*Strenuo* hath promiſed
To entertaine the *Jaylor* in his cups,
While you be ſafely eſcap'd. *Marc.* I'le hazard then:
Bright angel of my fancy, ſee you follow

Immediatly

Immediatly, for e're you ſhould endure
The rebells cenſure, I would rather forfait
A thouſand lives. *Ar.* Doubt not of that, my Lord.
Marc. Then once for all——O my good ſtars direct me.
Ar. Farewell, my Lord, goodneſſe protect you ſtill } *Imbraces*
Marc. Farewell pure quinteſſence of my affection }
Farewell, pray heavens grant us a joyfull meeting. } *Exit.*
Ar. Now, now at length, I hope he ſhall eſcape;
O ſupreme powers, aſſiſt him now, or never,
And eaſe my ſoul of its long burning fever. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Caſſio, Pantaloni.

Caſſ. SIr, (as your friend I ſpeak it) *Leonardo* and he have joyn'd their wits together to affront you; and you will not beleeve what impreſſion their falſe ſuggeſtions of you have taken upon the Lady *Chryſolina*.

Pant. I! So I thought, when ſhe told me laſt day that ſhe would *conſult* forſooth: A pox take all your conſulting tricks, ſay I, for I never knew any good come of womens conſultations yet.

Caſſ. Right Sir, you might eaſily ſmell *Leonardo's* plot in that ſame word, for he intends that *Becabunga* ſhall have *Marionetta* and he himſelf *Chryſolina*: for which *Becabunga* does ſollicite your Miſtris all this while: if you look not to your ſelf quickly you are undone, Sir.

Pant. I, ſo I gueſſed alwayes, for, d'you ſee, ſome women are the moſt humourous little creatures, a man ſhall not know when he is in their favour, and when not: but as for *Becabunga*——I'le ſay no more at this time: but I vow I'le cudgell him to death ſo ſoon as I can ſee him.

Caſſ. And pleaſe but command me, you ſhall not want my aſſiſtance, I'le aſſure you.

Pant. No Sir, I ſhall not need your help to beat ſuch a puppet as

as he is: what would you think to write a challenge to him, Sir?

Caſſ. So you know, I adviſ'd you at first, when I ſent for you to the *Taberna del Reina*, while you beleeved that *Becabunga* had ſent for you.

Pant. Hang him, I will hear no more of him: I will write a challenge to him preſently.

Caſſ. And if you'll pleaſe to take my advice in penning on't, I will ſo terrifie him.

Pant. With all my heart, Sir, for I would have it ſuch language as might make him hang himſelf for fear: and for *Leonardo*, after I have diſcuſſed *Becabunga* then have at him.

Caſſ. If you pleaſe to employ me to carry it to him?

Pant. Yes Sir, you ſhall go along with me, and help me to write it, for the truth is I am not much uſ'd with ſuch challenges, and my mother bid me allwayes have a care of quarrelling, but an ſhe were burn'd I'le fight with that raſcall, who has affronted me ſo.

Caſſ. A most generous reſolution. *Pant.* Come with me Sir.

Caſſ. Now, *Leonardo*, play thy game, or never } *Aſide.*

Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Marciano *ſolus, diſguiſ'd as having eſcap'd.*

——THanks to my ſtars! as yet unknown
I have cheat all the ſentinells; and now
I ſuck free aire again:——you powers above
Direct my ſuddain courſe: and ſave my love. Exit *quietly*

Within. Jayl. Ho, where's the piſſe-pot there.

Str. Sirrah drawer, 'tother quart of ſack, you raggamuffin you.

Courtain drawn appear Str. *and the* Jaylor, *drinking.*

Jayl. You ſhall do me reaſon *Signior Strenuo*:——'tis my noble Generals

Generals health, *Signior Strenuo*——Ho, where's the piſs-pot there?——you ſhall drink it, *Signior*———

Str. Come then, we'll drink his good health, although he has but two dayes to live. (*drinks.*

Jayl. No matter for that, I love to be courteous to the laſt breath, *Signior*; come, give me the cup: Sack, good (*drinks.* Sack, *Signior*——O brave Sack; come, let's have (*drinks again.* a catch, *Signior.*

Str. Come then——*Here's a health to the pretty little thing,*
With the bony, bony radiant eyes,
And the bony, bony, plump, round thighs;
Let us ſing——let us ſing—— (*drinks.*

Jayl. Let us ſing, let us ſing——O brave *Strenuo*, here's a cup to thee for thy catch. (*drinks.*

Enter a Servant, *beckons to* Str. Str. *approaches to him.*

Ser. He is eſcap'd. *Str.* 'Tis good, no more, ſilence I command you.

Ser. He waits for you. *Str.* Plague on you, no more I ſay.

Ser. My Lord is eſcap'd I ſay.

Str. Pox take you, hold your peace, or you'l ſpoil all I ſay.

Jayl. Come young man, how does my noble General? you are his ſervant, I know——here's to him, a brimmer of Sack. (*drinks.*

Str. Drink and be gone, you cocks-comb you———

Jayl. You ſhall pledge me neighbour. *Ser.* I ſhall, Sir. (*drinks.*

Str. My Lord has ordain'd me to preſent his love and reſpects to all friends at my return to *Siena*——get you gone whoreſon, get you gone, or you'l ſpoil all. *Exit.* Ser.

Jayl. Well, he's a noble Gentleman, *Signior*, although I dare not ſay it: but, no more of him, this cup is yours, *Signior*, we'll have t'other flaggon of Sack e're we part; for I love to be merry as well as courteous, eſpecially amongſt ſtrangers, *Signior*——Ho, drawer, Sirrah, Loggar-head, the piſs-pot, (*Courtain drawes*
Baſtard, ſhall a man ſpoil his breeches, you ſon of a whore you.

Enter Strenuo *quietly with the* Servant.

Str. You puppet you, could not you hold your peace when I bid you——come, where is my Lord?

Ser.

Ser. At the *Colonna* in the *Strada del Popolo*, there he lurks quietly while you come to him.

Str. Let the rogue the Jaylor ſlip then, and we'll bid adieu to *Florence*; come, come quickly. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Arabella *ſola, traverſe quietly.*

——SO, now he's gone: O! how my heart does leap,
My pulſe begins to move, ſince now I know
He's paſt the rebels reach, before this time.
All's well: this day, by order of the Senate,
Am I to be enlarg'd: had *Marciano*,
Whoſe underſtanding ſoul, div'd in the deepeſt
Gulfs of ſuſpition, even but conjecture'd,
How e're they could accuſe me for his flight.
Had rather died, e're he had condeſcended
To any ſuch attempt——but now he's ſafe,
I'l follow cloſe my ſelf: So hope aſſiſt me. *Exit.*

A noiſe within of many voices, crying confuſedly.
Souldiers ſearching for Marciano.
Enter Jaylor, *weeping and railing.*

Jayl. A pox on all your *Siennois* tricks, ſay I, plague on that villain *Strenuo:* my noble General's gone, fled, gone: what ſhall I do? How the devil came I to be gull'd by that ſame *Strenuo?* The laſt night while he and I were deep in our cups, my noble General breaks the priſon and eſcapes. O! plague on his crazy cocks-comb, I could have truſted him aſſoon as any in *Florence*, and yet he hath played me ſuch a trick as may bring me to a ropes end yet——— } *Within*, Jaylor, Jaylor, *&c.*

Harke——my Lord *Boraſco* ſearching me, I ſhall be hang'd without doom or ſentence——

Enter Boraſco *with Souldiers.*

Bor. Where is this villain? *Jayl.* Here am I my Lord.

Bor. You ugly ſcarabe, what do you deſerve?

Sirrah, you ſhall be hang'd. *Jayl.* Alas! my Lord,
I was deceived, groſsly cheated, gull'd,
Fox'd and what not, by *Signior Strenuo*;
A plague on him, may I ſay——*Bor.* Peace, you wretch,
My Lord *Barbaro* will cauſe puniſh you
For your neglect, For he had ne're eſcap'd
Had he not bryb'd you——*Jayl.* I never ſee his coyn.
Bor. Good gods! this day was he to be beheaded,
Now none knows where he is——this *Siennois* Lady
Will be examin'd: for ſhe ſeem'd to carry
A great reſpect to him: and (this I know) (*aſide.*
The Senate will ſuſpect her acceſſory,
No doubt: ſo ſhe ſhall be condemn'd to die:
But I'l prevent their ſevere reſolutions
By all means poſſible——Come, you Scoundrel, come
You may be hang'd yet, Sirrah, e're all be done.
Jayl. O! no more of that word *hanging*, my neck itches already.
Exeunt.

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Leonardo, Becabunga.

Leon. CAn you deſire any more? look you, Sir, a direct challenge.
Bec. I know not what belongs to your challenges; but I am ſure, as you ſay, he has affronted me.
Leon. Sir, the very words of this challenge would encourage one; conſidering eſpecially, that he is the baſeſt coward that ever breath'd for all this. *Bec.* Think you ſo?
Leon. Yes indeed, Sir, I warrand you he dare never appear in field againſt you: he is but a bragging fellow.
Bec. Nay, if I thought he would not appear, I might ſay ſomething. *Leon.* Truſt me, Sir, he dares not.
Bec. I, but d'you hear, Sir, if we can be handſomly reconciled, what needs fighting?
Leon. Fy, Sir, you cannot honourably refuſe, when he has writ a challenge to you. *Bec.*

Bes. Not, Sir, why cannot I write another to him, and call him a coward, a raſcal, a ſlave, a villain, and what not, and ſtill preſerve my honour, as you call it?

Leon. Alas! good Sir, there's no time now to talk, now you muſt fight, and I will aſſiſt you.

Bec. I, if you will hold him to me while I beat him, there may be ſomething on't too.

Leon. Doubt not, Sir; but, as I told you, he dares not appear, you have no more to do, but come arm'd to the fields, and if you find him not, brandiſh your Rapier in the air thrice, proclaim him a coward, and ſo return. *Bec.* With my honour, Sir?

Leon. Yes, Sir, with your honour entire.

Bec. Well, I ſee I muſt fight; but if he doth not appear, now, I ſhall be in a brave condition: for, then I will ſwear, rant and domineer, by my word of honour, as my fathers foot-groom does. But will he not come, think you? *aſide.*

Leon. My life for't, he dares not appear; courage, we will outdare both him and *Caſſio.*

Bec. Well, but when all's done, Sir, betwixt you and me, were I at home in the Country again, all your honour, and honour above honour, ſhould not cauſe me fight: for, *Pantaloni* has learn'd to fence, Sir, and I know not what belongs to fencing, not I.

Leon. Tuſh fear not him, I tell you, he dares not appear, and if he does, I'l fight him my ſelf.

Bec. Will you do ſo, Sir, and I will be your *tres humble ſerviteur Monſieur:* for d'you ſee, Sir, I am to be married ſhortly, now if I ſhould chance to be kill'd, (as who knowes but I may) you know then, Sir, I cannot be marryed; why? becauſe I ſhall be dead, that's a good reaſon, Sir.

Leon. Plague on him for a coward, how he talks; I ſhall have more ado to allure him to this duel, then a crack'd Courtier has to perſwade an Uſurer to become ſurety for him. *aſide.*

Bec. And then you know, Sir, *Pantaloni* is to marry the one Siſter, and I the other: now it is not fit that we ſhould fight together, who are to be brethren ſhortly, for I know not what.

Leon. Why, Sir, you muſt reſolve to fight: go along with me

to the field: and if he offer to thruſt at you, I'le ſtep in betwixt, and ſave you both.

Bec. Will you be as good as your word, Sir? *Leon.* I will indeed.

Bec. Then have at him———But harke you, Sir, you muſt have a ſpeciall care he touch not my face, for ſo he may put out my eye (God bleſſe us) and then where is your honour forſooth?

Leon. He ſhall not touch you Sir, come, delay is dangerous. *Exeunt.*

At the other end Enter Caff. Pant. *traverſe*, &c.

Pant. You may ſtand by, and ſee fair play, Sir, I ſhall beat him to ſome purpoſe: *Caſſ.* As you think fit, Sir.

Pant. Come on then——O *Becabunga*! thou knowes not how nigh thy fatall hour approaches——for I am ſure he dares not appear. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Arabella *ſola in Priſon, more cloſely conſin'd then formerly upon the report that ſhe was to be beheaded.*

Ar. O gods! is this the height of all your wrath:
May I expect a *requiem* in this ſtroak?
Yes ſure——then graciouſly be pleaſ'd to hear
My ardent votes:——O may my blood appeaſe
Your incenſ'd mindes: reſtore my lawfull Prince:
Let *Marciano* live: Let nothing hurt him:
O hear him, hear him, if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercy, let him have it.
I plead none for my ſelf:——O love aſſiſt me,
Courage, beyond the ordinar of my ſex,
Support my ſpirits in this agony:
Death's but the thaw of all our vanity. (weeps,

Enter

Enter Boraſco *quietly.*

Bor. Nay now my ſoul diſſolve : 'tis but a trouble
To keep thy quarter in this perplexed body.
O unkind Senate ! eyes have not ſeen a fairer
Modell of beauty——Sure, no hatchet dares
Be horſe-leech to her veines : or if it does,
All iron ſhall be quite accurſ'd hereafter.
—No, ther's an angell keeps that paradice
A fiery angell guards her : Vertue, vertue,
Ever, and endleſſe vertue ! O rare beauty !
The neereſt to her maker, and the pureſt,
That ever dull fleſh ſhew'd us : ſuch another
Could make attonement for half her ſex.
——See how ſhe weeps—— Ar. *Diſcovers him.*

Ar ——So, now my torturer comes——

Bor. Now all good angells bleſſe thee, faireſt, trueſt
Heart-raviſhing beauty : cruell, yet lovely tyrant.
Why ſtill in ſorrow ? ſhall I never have
One gracious ſmile——Alas, how willingly
To ſave thy precious life would I ſubmitt
My neck to cruelty—by this hand, I would—— } *Kiſſes her hand.*

Ar. Since it is ordained, Sir, I'le not endeavour
To prove a male-content. Sir, I have done
What I intended ; ſhee's a cowardly Girle,
Who cann't endure one ſtroke for him, whoſe ſafety
Is ſo dear to his prince and country, vex not
Your ſelf for my misfortunes : nothing can
Affright my reſolutions———

Bor. Strange love ! not to be parallel'd ?

Ar. Piſh—I contemn the fury of your baſe
Malicious ſenate : reason does diſdain
To dwell with ſuch, whoſe ſouls are ſtiffled with rage,
They ſentence, whom they will, no matter why,
Since innocent, or guilty, we muſt dye.

Bor. Madam, you ſhall not dye I will ſollicit
The Senate for you : if I cannot prevaile
As I expect, before it come to th' worſt

I'le

I'le ſet you free, although their fury reach
My perſon for it——who does enterpriſe
To ſerve his fancy, muſt all feares deſpiſe. } *In going off.*

Ar. Ah vain fomenter of vain, fruitleſſe hopes, *Exit.*
Thy windmill-thoughts will break their axel-tree:
Go fooliſh enterpriſer: hope no favour
From one, who e're ſhe ſuffered thy embraces,
Would rather undergo a thouſand tortures.
——No, if e're woman was, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unſpotted memory,
For vertues ſake, and only for it's ſake
Dares challenge room in hiſtory: O love
Let me be only Martyr in the caſe.
O *Marciano*, were it not thy ſafety
That did ſupport my ſoul, I ſhould prevent
The executioner: but ſince thou art
Free from the rav'nous clutches of the rebells,
Poor *Arabella* from that ſpark alone
Derives her preſent courage———
——Then bleſſed hour approach, I'le boldly ſhow
That for his life, I can endure one blow. (*Exit weeping.*

Scæna Octava.

Enter Caſſio, Pantaloni, *Swords drawn.*

Caſſ. THis is the place, this is the hour appointed.

Pant. Yes, Sir, but, you ſee, he has not appear'd, may not I put up my rapier now, and go home again with my honour, may I not?

Caſſ. Not Sir: you muſt have a little patience.

Pant. Ho, Ho, that's very true, I muſt proclaime *Leonardo* and him both cowards———*O yes*———*O yes*———

One coughs, and whiſpers within.

But (a pox) I hear them comming hither. Come, *Signior Caſſio*, wee have tarried too long, we will now return.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. No, no, ſtay a little yet.

Pant. I ſee this fellow has a mind I should be kill'd: would I had that unlucky challenge in my pocket again.

Caſſ. 'Slid, here they come; to your poſture, Sir. } *Enter* Leon. Bec. *ſwords drawn.*

Bec. O! look you there's *Pantaloni*, Sir, and *Caſſio* too, you ſaid he durſt not appear.

Pant. Nay faith, now I ſee 'tis no more jeſting, there they come both with their Rapiers drawn. *Caſſ.* Courage, *Signior.*

Bec. What ſhall I do now Sir? *Leon.* Fight, what else?

Caſſ. We'll fight all four at once. *Leon.* Yes, yes, by all means.

Caſſ. Have at thee then, villain *Leonardo.*
Leon. At you, Sir. } *Thruſt.*

Caſſ. Come, to't *Becabunga.*

Bec. Not I, Sir; as I am honest I will fight none at this time: for I have ſome buſiness to do in the city, Sir.

Leon. What, you ſneaking gull, will you not fight for your Miſtris, Sirrah.

Bec. No, Sir, I will fight for no Miſtris at this time; I muſt go about buſiness of more importance, Sir——O! if he had not appear'd now. (*aſide.* *Leon.* Not for the Lady *Marionetta*, Sir?

Bec. No, Sir, I will renounce all the right I have to her, before I fight, at this time at leaſt. *Pant.* I like that well.

Caſſ. 'Slid, ſhall we come to the fields with you, and return thus affronted? fight it out bravely, or by this hand I'l run you both thorough.

Pant. Nay, it ſhall not be ſo, Sir, you ſee we cannot fight at this time: for, the truth is, (now when I remember) I have an appointment too, within less than a minute of an hour hence, with ſome Ladies of my acquaintance.

Leon. That's all one to us, Sir.

Pant. I ſee I muſt do it, there is no way elſe to eſcape— (*aſide*, Gentlemen, I know what will please you: because we have brought you into the fields, that you may not be angry, as *Becabunga* ſayes, I will renounce all the right I can have or claim in the Lady *Chryſolina.* *Leon.* Good———

Pant. For, d'you ſee, Sir, I care no more for her, then a Roarer does for his old Punk. *Leon.* Excellent. *Pant.*

Pant. I proteſt to you, Sir, I think they are fools that fight for women, let them fight for themſelves a Gods name, it is ſufficient we love them. *Leon.* Admirably good!

Bec. So I ſay too Sir, and if you have wrong'd me, I here freely forgive you.

Caſſ. Sir, that's not enough, you ſhall both ſeal this paper, that we may teſtifie to other Gentlemen, how we were ready to fight.

Bec. What paper, Sir?

Leon. No matter for that, Sir, you ſhall both ſeal it, or by theſe hilts———

Pant. Nay hold, good Sir, I ſhall ſeal it,——what terrible oaths theſe fellowes uſe. (Pant. *ſeals.*

Caſſ. Come, you muſt ſeal too. *Bec.* Yes, yes, Sir. (Bec. *ſeals.*

Leon. Now get you gone both of you for a brace of infamous puppets, cowardly cocks-combs, you arrogant, empty-skull'd wittals, not worthy of the leaſt favourable ſmile from any Lady: you have reſign'd your intereſts in two honourable Ladies, and therefore deſerve no leſs then to be kick'd——thus to be kick'd—— (*kicks him.*

Pant. What d'you mean, Sir?

Caſſ. Thus to kick you, you brace of baſtardly Baboons———

Leon. And ſo we leave you as we found you, a pair of impudent filchers of reputation, not worthy name of Gentlemen.

Caſſ. Farewell my Cob-webs——

Leon. Farewell good Spanniels, farewell—— *Exeunt ambo.*

Pant. Marry pox take you both, what notorious raſcals are they.

Bec. Come, come, we muſt be friends again; let them go hang themſelves if they pleaſe.

Pant. If I had them in another place———

Bec. But harke you, what if they ſhow the Ladies that we have renounc'd our intereſt in them? what will you ſay then? think you that ever the Lady *Chryſolina* will look upon you again.

Pant. I ſhould have made them both black and blew.

Bec. Will you let's go and prevent them, I ſay.

Pant. By all means——this trick ſhall do *Leonardo* no good, what a fool was I to believe *Caſſio.*

Bec. So I ſay alwayes; but come, quick——he that ſpeaks firſt is alwayes beſt heard.

Pant.

Pant. I'l to them yet, for all this, he has not beat me out as he thinks. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Nona.

Enter Marciano *ſolus, having got intelligence that* Arabella *was to die.*

——HEart! art thou thunder-proof? can nothing break thee?
Shall *Arabella* die, and thou ſtill live?
———Burſt ſtubborn peece of fleſh——O! heavens forbid,
Thoſe eyes may live to ſee the world without her.
——The Senate hath condemn'd her——O! baſe wretch!
Unhumane Tyrants; Monſters of this age;
O! barbarous villany; what bloody thoughts?
It is not becauſe ſhe was acceſſory
To my eſcape: No ſure, but 'cauſe I love her,
That ſhe muſt die; as if thoſe hell-hounds mean'd
To ſtrike the Stars, and all good things above,
Regardleſs of her deity; no devil
Could be more cruel——But, hold, *Marciano*,
Thou ar't the executioner: thou alone.
Say, wretched man, was thou affraid to die?
Could fear prevail ſo far? Alas! thy fame
Has loſt it's right wing by thy too raſh flight,
Leaving ſo rare an hoſtage in thy place.
Yet, who had ſaid, or who had ever thought,
A thing ſo cloſely carryed could have ever
Thus come to light. She was to be enlarg'd
That very day: for ſo ſhe did aſſure me,
Elſe had my wearied ſoul reſign'd it's casket,
And I, by this time, ſteep'd with bleſſed ſhades
Of my Anceſtors, maugre all her tears.
———But what, I dream, I muſt do ſomething more
Then only mourn for her: if art aſſiſt,

I'l ſtudy to preſerve her; either return,
Submit my ſelf to mercy of the Rebels,
If otherwayes thoſe goblins cann't be conjur'd,
Or elſe by open force, or private means.
What e're be th'event, I'l procure her freedom:
May be the gods are more propitious
Then I imagine. Come——it is reſolv'd
She ſhall not die——fools are amaz'd at fate,
Griefs but conceal'd are never deſperate. } *in going off*

Exit.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Boraſco *ſolus.*

NAy hold, my ſpleen; do not burſt yet——
How this ſame Lady hath abus'd my favour,
Eſcap'd, no man knows how; gone, God knows whether.
If I fly not, I ſhall ſupply her place,
That is reſolv'd I know——Fortune, you ſhall not
Play upon me; although you now begin
To frown upon moſt of our Senators:
For, ſince the brave Lord *Barbaro* is dead,
All ſuch as were his creatures are diſcarded;
Amongſt whom, I am one—— a plague on all
Your baſe ſeditious cocks-combs: your proceedings
Will ſtrengthen *Cleons* intereſt. Hell-hounds, Tygars,
Adieu baſe Elves: I'l poſt to *Venice* ſtraight,
And there evite the ruine of your State.

Exit.

Scæna

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pantaloni, Becabunga, *with* Chryfolina, Marionetta.

Pan. TUſh, these are all but ſtories, Madam, I was but jeſting with them when I did it.

Mar. Sir, I will hear no excuſe. *Bec.* I vow 'tis true, Madam.

Pant. Nay, but harke you, Madam *Chryſolina*, if you come to that with it, I can make you love me yet, whether you will or no.

Mar. Will you, Sir? *Chryſ.* Pray, how do you that, Sir?

Pant. Why, thus I inſtruct it, Madam; I can ſhow you ſeveral Letters under your own hand and ſeal, day and date, *&c.* that you are my humble ſervant, which you dare not for your ears deny, dare you? *Chryſ.* You had beſt be ſilent.

Pant. Nay more, I know you love me yet, becauſe the laſt time I was with you, you gave me a knot of Ribbons, which my mother keeps well lock'd up in her Cabinet yet, as a love-token: and moreover, when I ſaid I will come and ſee you again to morrow, you ſaid, ſayes you, you ſhall be welcom.

Chryſ. This will not do it, Sir, you have renounced us, and therefore——— (*ſhe offers to remove.*

Bec. Nay hold, Madam, we were but in jeſt.

Pant. And then they forced us to do it.

Bec. I, and if we had done it, they ſwore (God bleſſe us) that they would kill us.

Pant. And then, you know, it was better to ſeal a peece of paper then to be kill'd.

Chryſ. What ſtrong arguments they uſe.

Mar. Siſter, we must ſhake e'm off now or never.

Bec. And then, Madam, if we had been kill'd———

Pant. Yes, if we had been kill'd, it had been ſmall advantage for you.

Bec. I, and then, Madam——and then, I ſay, Oh! if *Manduco* were here to plead for me now. } *aſide.*

Pant. Nay, if you will not hear us, take your pleaſure.

Chryſ. No more, Sir, get you gone, henceforth I diſclaim you.

Pant. And I you too, d'you ſee; I care no more for you, Miſtris, then you do for me: I am as good a Gentleman as your ſelf; and if you were not a woman I would tell you more of my mind.

Bec. I knew it would alwayes come to this at length, I vow; I think you Gentle-women do nothing but entertain us with vain hopes for a while, and then caſt us off.

Pant. Miſtris, ſhall I tell you, there are more Ladies in *Florence* then you that will be blyth of me yet; and ſo long as I have money in ſtore, I am ſure to have Miſtreſſes in ſtore.

Chryſ. Are you ſo, Sir?

Pant. I that I am: but I will complain to your Uncle, to the Lady *Saromanca*, and to all your kindred, that you have cheat me, for all your fair promiſes.

Chryſ. You are a prating fool.

Pant. I am no more prating then your ſelf, Miſtris; but if there be juſtice to be had of you, I'l have it.

Mar. Come, let us leave them, Siſter, elſe they'll both fall a weeping.

Pant. For whom, for you, Miſtris? I'l let you know we are no ſuch children.

Bec. No, but, I proteſt, I cannot but weep though.

Chryſ. Mar. Farewell, farewell, march to your travels my Gameſters, farewell. *Exeunt ambo.*

Pant. Peugh——Farewell; I believe you are the greateſt fool of the two, *Madam Chryſolina*, call they you.

Bec. I proteſt, *Pantaloni*, I am very ſorry for the loſs of this bony Lady though. O! how my father will chide me now: for he had given *Manduco* orders to provide my Wedding-cloaths, and now all's blown up.

Pant. Come, come, we know the worſt on't: let them go, we will never want great matches yet; let us think now to be revenged on them villains, *Caſſio* and *Leonardo:* the firſt time I meet any of them, I will cut the tongue out of their heads that they ſhall never talk more.

Bec.

Bec. I, ſo will I too: but we muſt have *Manduco* with us then, for he will make them ſtand in awe of him.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Marciano, *ſolus, as at* Piſa.

THat ſhe's eſcap'd, that, I know certainly,
So letters from *Siena* have inform'd me.
But by what means, or where ſhe is, I know not.
Never remembers him, who, if he ſhould
Forget her but one hour, would think he had
Offended highly, yet ſhe's ſilent ſtill.
If I receive no letters from her, ſhortly,
I'le become jealous of her, ſure; that ſhe,
Who was all love, is now ſo quickly cold
In her affections.———But what! I blaſpheme
The vertuous *Arabella*, ſhe's all vertue,
And cannot prove unconſtant ———
Now let me meditate on what my Prince
Hath order'd me to do: He's ſtill the ſame,
And bears a mind that floats above the waves
Of all adverſities, as who ſhould ſay,
Fortune, even do thy worſt. His Counſellours,
Like to wiſe Marriners, affray'd to ſtretch
The top-ſayles of their courage in this tempeſt,
Leaſt both they, and their Prince ſhould ſuffer ſhipwrack.
Only was I commanded ſome years ſince
Upon an expedition to *Siena*,
Encourag'd by th' affectionate expreſſions,
And actions of the valiant *Caſſanæo*,
And others of our loyal country-men.
But fortune cruſh'd our enterpriſes, ſo
I did return to *Savoy*, where my Prince
Did then reſide: and now, I am commanded

To

To ſecond here an enterpriſe at *Piſa*,
Which whether it ſucceed or not; my duty
Is yet at leaſt to proſecute it—— *A poſt-horn ſounds within.*
How's this——a poſt-horn: good———
Enter Strenuo *with a Letter.*
Str. All's well, my Lord, now do our joyes begin.
To flouriſh after ſuch a tedious winter.
The Duk's reſtor'd, and now intends at *Florence*.
Here, here's a letter for it, from himſelf.
Marc. Reſtor'd!--Nay hold my heart--I'l read this letter. (*reads.*
——True, True:——O fortune how I hugge thee now.
And thou my good friend *Strenuo*—— (*embraces him.*
Str. Brave dayes, my Lord; the Court does fill apace,
The Ladies croud in throngs: the glory of
Her ſex, your darling, the fair *Arabella*,
Since clouds of melancholly are overblown,
Does now appear in loves full horizon.
Marc. O how propitious! lend me moderation,
Reins to my joy, as well as to my ſorrow,
Elſe, I ſhall quickly burſt to death: this bleſſ'd,
And unexpected *Tarantula*: of news
So ticles all my ſenſes:———joyfull tidings!
My Prince reſtor'd! my deareſt *Arabella*
At Court! now my felicity lacks nothing
But ſight to be compleat: that my eyes may
Perſwade my yet almoſt incredulous ſoul,
To what my fancy never durſt have prompted
——To horſe——To horſe, I'le poſt to *Florence* quickly.
Exit. poſt-horn ſounds.

Scæna

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Pantaloni, Becabunga, *and* Manduco *with ſwords by their ſides.*

Man. O *Tempora*! *O mores*! O the effrænate, licentious perverſity of untamed adoleſcency! what a villanous, ſcelerate attempt to entice two young Gentlemen to a Duel: who beſides, that they are both innocent Boyes, why, their very Uncles and other friends, are employed in ſerious negotiations of the Senate. *Proh Deum, atque hominum fidem*! Is all my induſtry in ſollicitation, my immenſe ſtudy and lucubrations for framing familiar epiſtles, my oratory in private commendations and exhortations for both theſe Gentlemen come to nought!— *Proh facinus ingens*!

Pant. Peace, Mr *Manduco*: you muſt not only teach us how to beat, but likewise aſſiſt us in beating theſe diſſolute fellows; for I have ſworn, Sir, and that is enough——

Bec. I, ſo I ſay too, ſor, you know we wear our ſwords here for no other end; look you, are not my hilts very handsome, O now, I will ſwear, *By theſe hilts*, as well as *Leonardo* himself.

Man. And for that effect, I have got my ſword too: I am *lenis in puniendo*: but when I am provoked, *invenient me leonem*, they ſhall find me a very Lyon: my ſchollars at *Sancto Burgo*, where I was sometimes *ludimagiſter*, can yet teſtifie that: and for my ſeverity *in caſtigando*——*Probatum eſt.*

Pant. Although *Leonardo* has got my Miſtris, yet I'le have about with him, albeit he be a Senatours ſon in law, with a miſchief to his heart, when ſuch Gentlemen of eſtates as I, am ſhak'd off.

Bec. And for me, ſince *Caſſio* has got my Miſtris: let him keep her; I muſt look out for ſome other great match in time; for they ſay, *Manduco*, that now ſince the Duk's reſtor'd, they who were active in the late rebellion, must be forfeit of their estates: and what

what will become of my Patrimony then: for you know my father has been a great man all this while, (I fear he never be so again) now, you know, if I loss my Estate, how shall I have a wife then? what think you, *Pantaloni?* (Pant. *draws.*

Pant. Nay, I can think on nothing now, but how to thrust at *Leonardo.*

Bec. So, I will draw too, if you come to that with it. (Bec. *draws.*

Man. And for me——I love no dimication——but when I am provoked, I will assist you——*Et sic arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis,* (Man. *puts the hilts of his sword betwixt his feet, and tuggs at it violently.*

Enter Cassio, Leonardo, *with* Chrys. Mar.

Cass. Madam, my resolution was alwayes unfeigned to serve you: your coy refusal diminished nothing of my affection, but did rather incite me the more to love you. (*to Mar.*

Mar. I did alwayes esteem my self honoured in your love, Sir, though the capricious humors of my self-seeking friends did countermand my desires. (Bec. *runs away,* Man. *and* Pant. *retire to a corner of the Theatre.*

Leon. Nay then, unspotted beauty, answer those gracious obligations your self: it passes the activity of my invention. I have been alwayes your devout admirer; but now I am so much bound to love you, that although my affection should super-erogat, yet I can plead no merits. (*to* Chrys.

Chrys. Sir, your merits have made conquest of my affections—

Cass. Prethee, *Leonardo*, would'st see good sport——— (Pantaloni *and* Man. *justles,* Pant. *wrestles loose,* Man. *solus to* Cass. *and* Leon.

Leon. As how?

Man. Nay, you must stay, I will not fight alone.

Pant. Fy, not before women, Sir, that were unhandsom———

Exit. Pant. *running.*

Man. Keep off, *boni viri*; for, if you approach, you shall find the vinegar of my wrath. I have chastised many such in my time, I'l make you know what it is *rem habere cum Professore*, to bell the cat with one to whom you owe respect. *Leon.*

Leon. *takes hold on* Man.

Leon. Thou ſlovenly, greazy Pedant, glaſs-gazing, ſuperfinical affected peece of ignorance, get you gone, ſpeak no more ill of Gentlemen; or if you do, you may come to carry your joynts in a box yet——*Man.* Never again, Sir—— (*lets fall his ſword.*

Leon. If you do——*Man. Ita me Deus amet*, never, Sir.

Caſſ. We'll put you to the ſtripado, if you don't behave your ſelf more civily.

Man. Never again, as I am erudite—So help me, God——never. *Exit.*

Mar. Poor fellow, he muſt have his humour.

Chryſ. If he could hold his peace ſometimes, he is a good honeſt fellow; but he can ſpeak good of no man, but thoſe of his own profeſsion.

Caſſ. We have puniſhed him ſufficiently, let's think no more upon him.

Leon. Nor upon our *quondam* Rivals either. Come, we'll continue our progreſs to Court.

Exeunt omnes.

Scæna Quinta.

A joyfull noiſe within, Trumpets, Ketle-Drums, Ho-boyes, with all ſort of muſick.

Enter the Duke, Marciano, *with others of the Nobility,* Courtiers *and* Attendants, *at his entry.*

Song.

NOw breaks our day,
Fairies away,
Pack hence, I ſay,
Your power's undone.
Room for Jov's *progeny,*
Full of Divinity.

Cleon, *brave* Cleon, *natures Paragon,*
Rebellion breathleſs lyes,
Hell ſings her obſequyes,
Vſurping Traytors quick be gone.
Now, Cleon, *divine* Cleon *mounts His Throne,*
Room—room—room—room for Him alone.

Cleon. Heavens yet are juſt: they now have paid us home
Our former loſſes with large intereſt———
——— A good while loſt is never known to many,
An ill while feel'd is ſcarcely known to any:
For men, like butter-flyes, ruſh on the candle
Of war at all occaſions, untill ſome
Are burn'd to aſhes: others hurt their wings;
Then they recoil amaz'd, and not while then,
They blame the projects of their troubled brain.
——Now (gods aſſume our thanks) we, who before,
Were toſs'd in waves of war, are ſo no more———
——*Florence,* take heed, jeſt not with ſupreme Powers,
'Tis hard to thrive, when heavens do countermand
Thy foul deſigns:——But wiſely learn to know
Thy former errors, and commit no moe.
1. *Court.*——A Prince's word is good divinity——
2. *Court.*——While Subjects oaths are down-right perjury,
And ſerve for nothing but to feed Rebellion.
Cleon. How! *Marciano,* you ſeem diſcontent,
What ſullen cloud amid'ſt this calm of joyes
O'rcaſts your noble ſoul?——*Marc.* Not I, dear Prince,
I am not diſcontent.
Cleon. Come, *Marciano,* you ſhall feaſt your ſenſes
On what we know your ſoul entirely loves.
——Now let us in, 'tis time we were at counſell.

Exeunt omnes.

Within, muſick as before.

Song.

Dull man, do'ſt not ſee in his countenance
Such rare becoming grace,

As

As one might freely ſay he did enhaunce,
Majeſty in his face.
Why art become
So groſsly dumb?
Cannot thy tongue pay tribute to his praiſe?
Harke how all Florence ſing,
In ſuch a cheerfull ſpring,
And every one their voices raiſe.
Why ſilent then, when after all our tears,
Clouds which did ſhroud the light, our Sun appears?
Appears——Appears
Diſſolving all our jealouſies and fears.

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Arabella *ſola.*

Ar. ALl now rejoyce, but I: my former griefs
Still dwell with me, untill the noble, conſtant,
Generous *Marciano* doth appear——
——Goodneſs! 'tis he——O! how my heart begins, } *Enter* Marciano *diſcourſing quietly with a* Courtier. Exit. *Court.*
Even as a murder'd carcaſſe, to diſtill
Groſs drams of blood at ſight o'th murderer. (Marc. *diſcovers her.*
Marc.——Cold vertue guard me——if I dream not——'tis ſhe.
——Mercifull heavens, can *Marciano* ſee
His very ſoul? yet not in extaſie.
——O! *Arabella*, faireſt, ever worthy, (*embraces her.*
I offer thus my heart——thus——thus——and thus——
O! art aſsiſt me——ſuddain joy had never
Suddain expreſsion——*Ar.* Sure, my Lord, you cannot
Be more ſurpriſed then I am; pray imagine
A heart abſtract from cares, and hois'd in high
Raptures of joy; even ſuch you may define,
Mine-thine——thine-mine——the gods could ne'r have been

More gracious then now——
Then, *thus*, my Lord, pray let me evidence
The temper of my heart, ſince you went hence. } *embraces*
Marc. O! thou, the loadſtone of my elſe-wandring fancy,
That keeps my ſoul ſtill fix'd——What can I render
Conform to thy fair merits——*Ar.* Love, my Lord,
——Love, love——I ſay, I cannot ask for more.
Next, if you will oblige me, prethee honour
Our Friend *Falaſſo*, one deſerves your favour.
——He entertain'd me kindly in your abſence,
During your long exile. *Marc.* Heavens thank him for it,
I ſhall eſteem him highly, and recommend
Him to the Duke——But now, my heart's in flames——
——Never was man more happy in his choyce } *aſide.*
Then I in mine——*Such Miſtriſſes are rare*—— }
You were my fellow ſufferer; ſprightly Nymph,
If love connive, would you not willingly
Be ſharer with me in my proſperity?
Ar. Thoſe, who know all things, know my great ambition.
Marc. No more——no more——we wrong our joyes to ſtay
On ſuch diſcourſe——'tis time we ſupplicate
The gentle *Hymen*, he ſhall us unite,
That *Florence* may behold our joyes compleat.

Exeunt.

Scæna Vltima.

Enter two of the guard with Partuyſans.

1. *Part.* COme, Come, all things will now reſume their ancient ſplendour.

2. *Part.* Yes, yes, now we begin, like Marriners after a tempeſt, to ſuck our bottles at eaſe again.

1. *Part.* O brave dayes! who would have dream'd on this ſuddain revolution ſome years ſince.

2. *Part.*

2. *Part.* No more of that diſcourse, look to the Court-gates, for there ſhall be such a crowd of Gallants with their Ladies, Apprentiſes with their Wenches, Citizens with their Wives, and all the confuſed rabble, by and by, that we ſhall have a great labour on't to keep the half on'em out.

1. *Part.* Right, for the Lord *Marciano* is to be marryed to night, and we ſhall have a Maſque, I warrand you.

2. *Part.* I beleeve we ſhall have a merry night on't.

1. *Part.* You ar welcome, my maſters, walk towards the further corner, pray you, there you ſhall have best room. } *Enter* Caſſ. Leon. Chryſ. Mar.

Caſſ. The Duke will be here by and by. 1. *Part.* We expect ſo, Sir.

Leon. Come then, wee'l aſide, *Caſſio.*

A flourish within, Muſick, &c.

Enter moe Partuyſans.

Part. Clear the way, the Dukes a coming.

Enter Cleon, *leading* Arabella *by the hand, Courtiers, Attendants,* &c.

Cleon.——— Remember no more, fair Lady,
On by gone miferies—— } Caff. Leon. Chryf. Mar. *kiſs the Dukes hand,* &c.

Enter Marciano *with* Strenuo, *preſents him to the Duke,* &c.

Marc. May it pleaſe your Highneſs ———
This was my friend, my very truſty friend
In all my exigencies, very kind
To both me and the Lady *Arabella.*
Here only, I preſent him to your Highness—— (Str. *kneels,* &c.

Cleon, Whatever favours were beſtow'd on you,
We do account them done to our ſelves———
—— You are his friend, ſo, *Signior,* you are ours. (Str. *ariſes.*

Str. May all the bleſſings of the heavens combine
To raiſe your highneſs to a pitch divine———

Cleon. My Lord *Marciano,* we have alwayes had
A narrow eye over all your proceedings,

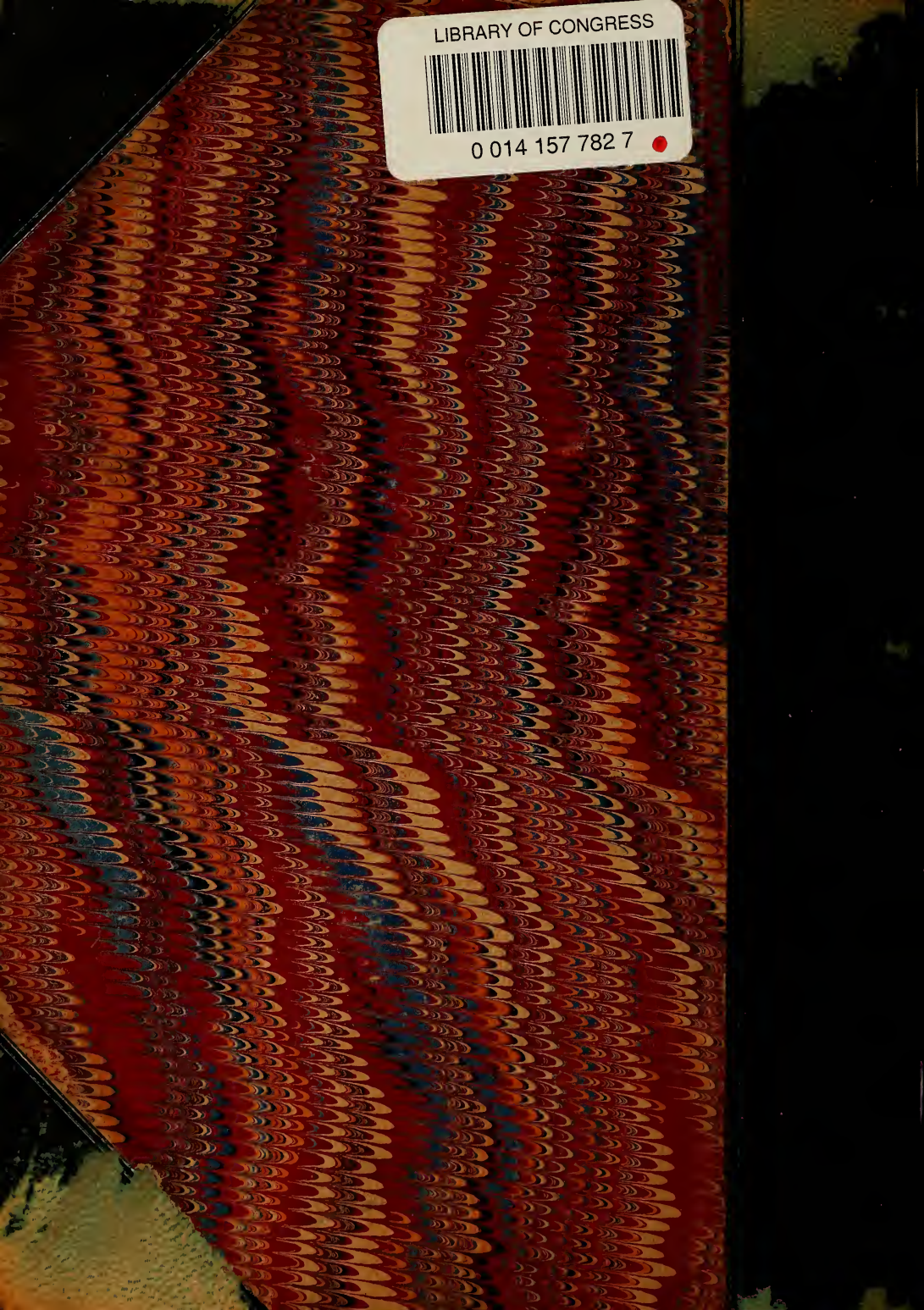
We've

Wee've found you loyall, without ſpot or blemiſh,
Valiant, at all adventures, ever faithfull,
And therefore after mature deliberation,
We here entruſt the Government of *Siena*,
Your native country to your managing———
Here's our Commiſſion——take it, and remember } *gives him*
Our *honour* and the *humours* of *Siena*. } *a Patent.*
Marc. Great Prince, whoſe daring eye ſtrikes traytors dumb,
Revives all loyal ſouls: diſperſes all
Rebellions foggy miſts: you have this day
Conferr'd ſuch honour on your highneſs ſervant,
As were I a baſe Infidel, yow'd perſwade
My heart to faith, my tongue to oratory——
——Thus——thus, dear Prince, I tender ſolemnly,
All homage to your highneſs, while I dye.
Cleon. Ariſe, enjoy thoſe honours, and approve } Cleon *takes him*
Your ſelf a pattern of both fear and love. } *by the hand.*
Man.——*Sereniſſime*, *Auguſtiſſime*——*dux* } *Enter* Man. Bec. Pant.
Court.——Remove, remove that fellow. } Strenuo *preſents them*
Part.——Come——come Sirrah, you think } *ſeverally to kiſſe the*
you are in your ſchool. *Man. Dux.*—— } *Dukes hand.* Man. *harangues.*
Part. Come you villain. } Part. *dragges*
Man. Princeps———*Tus*——*Tus*——*caniæ.* } *him off.*
Court. What an impudent rogue is this?
Cleon. ——As for this Lady, whom thy gentler fates
Have ſtill reſerved for your chaſt embraces,
We ſtill will honour her, as having ſeen
Evident ſigns of her affection,
And loyalty to us———
Ar. And ſtill ſhall be,
Dear Prince, ſo much as in a Woman lyes,
I'le offer prayers and tears, and ſacrifice,
The firſt fruits of my wiſhes; I'le implore
Such bleſſings, as the gods have heap'd in ſtore,
May rain upon your royal highneſs head,
That in your eyes heavens favours may be read——

1. *Court.* May forrein Princes his great power envy———
2. *Court.* May he his treacherous enemies plots defye———
Leon. May he reſtore our former happineſs——
Caſſ. And *Medicis* great princely houſe encreaſe——
Marc. While all his faithfull Subjects long to ſee
The royal hopes of his poſterity——
All.——*Long live our Prince, and may he ſtill appear*
The brighteſt Star in all our Hemiſphære.
A joyfull noiſe within, &c.

Exeunt omnes.
Plaudite.

FINIS.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